THE FORTNIGHTLY

DECEMBER, 1935

A NEW PARLIAMENT

BY ROBERT HIELD

"WELL, what do you think of it all?"

The question with which the late Lord Rosebery introduced one of his dramatic interventions during the Boer War may not inaptly be applied to a consideration of the new Parliament and the new political situation which the recent General Election has brought into being.

What most people, at home and abroad, think of it all is best expressed by a deep sigh of relief, as for deliverance from a heavy anxiety. It is not certain whether our Socialists will not feel more flattered than affronted by the knowledge that the possibility of their return to office has inspired such universal uneasiness. They may say, as the Germans delighted to say during the War, "*Oderint dum metuant*". However it be, the fact remains that the decisive defeat of the Socialist Party has been hailed everywhere as the lifting of a dark cloud from the horizon. For the next four or five years at least, statesmanship and enterprise can feel the ground firm under their feet. They will be free to think long thoughts and make long plans, instead of wondering, like the inhabitants of an earthquake zone, when the next shock is coming, and what structures are about to fall. A revolution anywhere in this distracted globe would be a distressing complication just now. In this country it would be a disaster.

And nothing short of a revolution was threatened by the Socialist programme, however the dire implications may have been wrapped up in verbiage. If the electorate was really alive to the full implications of this programme, it was not at all the fault of those who drafted that document. There were eloquent

denunciations of the barrenness of the National Government's record; protestations of devotion to the League of Nations and to Disarmament; promulgation of a policy of "Socialist Reconstruction", in which would be included the public ownership of "banking, coal and its products, transport, electricity, iron and steel and cotton", as well as of land—nothing more than that! —benefits for the agricultural labourers; the regulation of hours and conditions of employment; provision for the unemployed by "far-reaching schemes of national development", and so on and so forth. Then, as a sort of afterthought, appeared in a four-line paragraph:—

> Labour seeks a mandate to carry out this programme by constitutional and democratic means, and with this end in view it seeks power to abolish the House of Lords and improve the procedure of the House of Commons.

The unreflecting elector might be forgiven for failing to realize the implications of this announcement. Yet it would involve a constitutional revolution and nothing less. With the House of Lords abolished and the House of Commons "improved", a Socialist Government would be free to work its will. That, combined with the nationalization of the banks, the basic industries and the land, would add to the constitutional revolution an economic and social revolution. No wonder that Sir Stafford Cripps admitted that the coming of a Socialist Government would lead immediately to a first-rate financial crisis. Who realized all that was at stake in this appeal to the people? Who understood that on the hazard of the polls—in which the Means Test, the plight of the distressed areas and the miners' wages, were dominant issues—depended the validity of our ancient Constitution and the stability of the foundations of our national economy and of our social fabric? Yet nothing less was at risk, and to the achievement of this revolution the Liberal Party, under Sir Herbert Samuel, and the Council of Peace and Reconstruction under Mr. Lloyd George were, in effect, contributory. If their influence had prevailed, the National Government would have been defeated; and its inevitable successor would have been a Socialist Government, not only pledged to revolution, but bound to attempt it in order to escape discredit with its supporters. Twice before has the Socialist Party been in office without achieving anything for Socialism. It could not dare

to fail a third time. Its motto would have to be that of the early pioneers in America—" California or bust ! " And has not Sir Stafford Cripps declared that if the Socialist Party were in power, it would " do things " ?

As we regard in retrospect the extent of the risk which the nation was running, we must be thankful that our thirty-one millions of electors were not beguiled into such irreparable experiments.

Fortunately Mr. Lloyd George's influence seems to have been quite negligible. His Council of Action and Reconstruction fell absolutely flat. Introduced for the purpose of queering the pitch of the National Government, it was advocated with an extravagance of animosity which defeated its own pretensions to be a non-Party movement ; and its failure must lower still further the credit of its author with the public. Will he, now that Sir Herbert Samuel has failed to secure election, assume the leadership of that sadly diminished band of Liberals who will be found —or is it lost ?—on the Opposition benches ? And whither could he lead them ? As a reinforcement of the Socialist Opposition they are negligible, and as an independent faction they will be impotent.

Sir Herbert Samuel, one feels, is well out of a thankless and hopeless position ; and he has left for his successor nothing that is worth having. His abilities and his character have earned him a very real and genuine respect, and he will be missed ; though as a party leader he has not been a shining success. He stirs no pulses ; he quickens no emotions. If men were governed by unimpassioned reason, Sir Herbert Samuel might have gone far ; but as it is, he leaves his audiences feeling like a class of undergraduates after a lecture that is rather above their heads. The civil servants have a great respect for him, because his handling of departmental business has the precision and efficiency, not of a Minister, but of one of themselves. But as a politician his position is untenable. The only title of a Liberal to a separate political identity nowadays is repugnance to the protection of the Conservatives on the one hand, and to the nationalizing fervour of the Socialists on the other ; and a Party cannot justify its existence by a double negative.

Though the Socialists, who now constitute the only Opposition

that counts, profess to find comfort and encouragement in the result of the appeal to the country, the defeat of their confident expectations must have been a severe blow. The Socialist G.H.Q. counted on gaining something like 200 seats. They, in fact, reached barely half-way to that objective. The target presented to their attack was as extensive and invitingly open as London was to the German airmen in the War ; and their raids have proved as little damaging. The notable feature of the results in London and the industrial areas is not the number of Socialist gains, but the comparative fewness of them. There has been no sort of recovery to the 1929 position. A surprising number of the seats won for the first time for Conservatism in 1931 have been held in 1935 ; and once again the Counties have proved impregnable. Socialism makes no headway there ; and until it does it can never hope to command a working majority in Parliament. Let Conservatives never neglect to keep in good defensive condition this, their Hindenburg line.

The decisive repulse of the Socialist offensive may help to strengthen faith in democracy, even among those in whom such faith is most faltering.

There were two factors in this election which were so incalculable as to baffle the most experienced electioneers. How much they were baffled may be seen in the widely varying estimates of the result. Lord Rothermere, a shrewd diagnostician, is reported as predicting for the Government a majority of only 75. The *Daily Herald* assured its readers that there was a good chance of a Socialist victory ; and only the most optimistic of the Conservative seers put the Government's majority at more than 200. The official Conservative estimate was below 150.

One of the two unknown quantities in the equation was the strength and disposal of the Liberal vote. There were 157 Liberal candidates in the field—how far would three-cornered contests tell against the Government ? There was Mr. Lloyd George's Council of Reconstruction—how far would it influence Liberal votes in constituencies where there was no Liberal candidate ? We cannot answer these questions confidently even today. All we know is that, roughly, the total Liberal poll is suggestively close to the fall in the Government's poll ; and that the increase in the Socialist poll is comparable to what may

be calculated as the remainder of Liberalism. Most likely we shall never see as many Liberal candidates in the field again. Too many of them on this occasion lost their deposits, and too few of them secured election. But Liberalism in the country still represents a strength—diminishing, it is true—of from three to four million votes. Who will get them? It is an interesting speculation, for the Liberal Party as an entity can hardly hope to survive. A party which has no hope of ever attaining office is doomed. The roots of Liberalism were severed when Labour established its independence; and the party has withered rapidly since its leader made the fatal blunder of putting the Socialists in office in 1923. Mr. Asquith showed by that act that there was an alternative to a Conservative Government, and an alternative which was not Liberal.

As for the women's vote, it will be many years before its influence becomes calculable. This is the biggest factor in the electorate. It consists largely of young women who have no political experience, and no party attachments, and, most serious of all, who have no real interest in politics. The last mentioned disability belongs to the older as well as to the younger women; but the married women at least can be safely reckoned as voting as their husbands vote.

It may be indiscreet to say so; but it is the fact that politics do not appeal to women as a continuing interest. They do not study political questions or follow the course of political controversy. If their attention is arrested by some national crisis, they insist on reducing the issue to the elementary terms which can be interpreted either by their fears or by their sympathies. They are therefore liable to be stampeded by clever special-pleading and cunning suggestion, to the confusion and frustration of the statesmanship which would

> Stretch a hand through time to catch
> The far-off interest of tears.

Who could foretell how the woman-voter would respond to the professions and promises of the Socialist programme? And if the response was negative, who can say why? Women have borne the heaviest burden of the hardships and privations of these disjointed times, and of the sacrifices of war. In such circumstances, it is surely matter for deep satisfaction that they

have not been tempted to take the Socialist short-cut to escape, even by a programme which, like a bazaar lottery, offered "all prizes and no blanks". It is just possible that, the issue of peace or war being predominant in their minds, they have been in doubt as to which Party was the more to be trusted for keeping the peace, and that in consequence their vote has been divided.

The new House of Commons will be interesting, not least as a change from the old. The Parliament of 1931 was a portent. It had no parallel. Yet it became very tedious to the observer. It was too lop-sided; and, except when a Conservative revolt from the back benches was in progress, it lacked vitality. Like other extinct monsters, its body was too big for its brain. The Opposition was bereft of its leaders and its best debaters; and there was neither life nor reality in the formal challenges which the forlorn remnant threw down from time to time, to call attention to their existence, so easily to be overlooked. The essence of Parliamentary politics, as of drama, is conflict, and of conflict there will be enough for all in the new House, where the Socialists have come back in nearly trebled strength, and where their Front Bench is filled again by all those practised debaters who have been banished for four years from the Parliamentary scene. The Party, too, will be full of fight with a new leader, whether Mr. Attlee, who has deserved well of his party, or another.

The Opposition will not only be stronger in the Division Lobby, but much more formidable in debate, and one of the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench most to be regarded is undoubtedly Mr. Herbert Morrison, who is pre-eminent among his fellows as administrator, as organizer, and as tactician. Though by seniority he is surpassed by others, by ability he is foremost in qualification for the post of party leader; and he is reputed to stand as well with the trade union bosses as with the Socialist politicians. He has, too, the advantages of holding many strings in his hands, and of commanding a considerable following in the country, and especially in London. It is a pity that he marred his record by destroying Waterloo Bridge—merely to make a party gesture. That act of vandalism will not be forgiven to him for many a long day by some people, though it is to be feared that his own public would be indifferent if he pulled down St. Paul's Cathedral. And certainly there are other

things equally precious which he will have to try to pull down, if he is to be an acceptable leader of the Socialist Party. Fortunately he is of a genial temperament, wholly lacking in gall; and his most drastic measures will be undertaken in the spirit of one who is cruel only to be kind.

The effectiveness of the Socialist Party in the new House of Commons depends largely, no doubt, upon its choice of leader; but even more upon the tendencies which it embodies in its policy. Its bondage to the Trade Union Congress is at once its strength and its weakness—its strength, because of the massed and disciplined voting power in the country and of the funds which the trade unions command; its weakness, because political judgment has to be subordinated to trade union orders. Socialist Ministers, as the crises of 1926 and 1931 showed, are not free agents. They must toe the trade union line—an obligation which always chafed Lord Snowden.

But, as it happens, in the pursuit of internationalism Socialists and trade unions are at one. The former see in it the fulfilment of a pacifist ideal; and the latter see in it the only way to safeguard their standard of living. But the trade unionists are not pacifists at heart—as witness their fury against Signor Mussolini and Fascism, and their readiness to mobilize the British fleet for the shutting of the Suez Canal and the blockade of the Italian ports. Nor will they ever demand the return to Free Trade and abandon the protection which they enjoy against the unrestricted competition of low-paid labour. If they adhered to Free Trade so long and so obstinately, it was because they were greedy and short-sighted.

It is only the same faulty understanding that moves them to approve the demand for what Mr. Harold Laski calls "the internationalization of our Colonial possessions". They do not yet see that a diminished Empire means diminished wealth and influence, and therefore diminished trade and diminished employment. When they do see those consequences, they will invite Mr. Laski and his fellow internationalists to give away only what is their own, and not what they had no part in creating and have no part in inheriting.

This question of the parcelling out of the Empire is likely to be a burning question in the new Parliament; and the Govern-

ment will be well advised to go cautiously in dealing with it. They have promised to enquire how the hunger of expanding nations for raw-materials may be satisfied; but they have not promised to renounce British sovereignty over the lands where the British flag flies. Unless ministers wish to sow dissension in their party, they will leave to the Socialists the odium of disrupting the Empire in the interests of a fantastic internationalism, which is much more likely to bring, not peace, but a sword. Mr. Baldwin has declared himself to be "an impenitent patriot". Let him in this matter prove the mettle of his pasture.

There is another incident in this election which deserves to be recorded and which reveals at once the enmity and the ineptitude of Socialist counsels. As such a revelation, it is quite as signal as the pursuit of an internationalism which has resolved itself into a sour anti-nationalism repugnant to all sound British instincts. That incident is the wanton and unexplained decision to contest the re-election of Capt. Fitzroy, the Speaker of the last Parliament. It was the deliberate breach of a long and honourable Parliamentary tradition—and the Socialists always profess to have a respect for Parliamentary tradition—which has ensured them so much freedom and even indulgence. There is only one hypothesis which covers the facts, and it is based on the announcement in the Socialist manifesto that a Socialist Government would "improve the procedure of the House of Commons". What such "improvement" would imply, Sir Stafford Cripps and others have made abundantly clear. It would imply putting the House of Commons into a strait jacket; and to that end an impartial Speaker, who respected the traditions of the Chair and secured to minorities their rights, would be sadly in the way. Therefore, to provide for the event of a Socialist majority, Capt. Fitzroy was opposed. If he were returned, his opponents would have a colourable excuse for not re-electing him to the Chair. It was a wholly discreditable manœuvre which the verdict of the electors at Daventry as elsewhere, has condemned to the futility which it deserved. But the deep discredit of it remains with its authors

It would be impossible to ignore one startling innovation which will mark the new House. That is the election of Mr. A. P. Herbert as the second member for Oxford University, in the official candidate's despite. The result proves how one touch

of humour makes the whole world kin. It is to be seen how Mr. Herbert will " go " in the House. Much will be expected of him ; and when he makes his maiden speech the benches will be packed to overflowing. But it is the perilous penalty of a humorist that he must always be funny ; and so even his most serious remarks are apt to be greeted with a guffaw.

Who would have imagined that the University of Oxford, of all constituencies else, would choose to be represented by a funny man ?

It is an odd effect of this election, that while the defeated Party will be able to welcome the return of many wanderers, the victorious Party will miss some of its old and most familiar faces. The disappearance of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will leave a notable gap on the Treasury Bench, though it will hardly be an inconsolable loss to the Ministerial Party, which has never quite reconciled itself to association with him. But the manner of his going has won for him a very wide and genuine sympathy. Well he knew, when he decided to seek re-election at Seaham, the reception and the discomfiture that awaited him ; but he did not flinch from facing the storm, when it would have been easy to evade his enemies' malice. No doubt, the greatest comfort which the Socialists can find for their overthrow at the polls, is in the thought that they have wreaked their spite on their former leader and on his son.

They longed only less eagerly to compass the overthrow of Mr. J. H. Thomas in Derby ; but there their animosity was thwarted. How bitter must have been their chagrin when—instead of the triumph over their enemy of which they had confidently assured themselves—they learnt that Mr. Thomas had been re-elected by a thumping 12,000 majority. The resilience, the resource, and the indomitable resolution of that right hon. gentleman are among his most admirable characteristics.

The man of the hour, after this late election, is undoubtedly Mr. Stanley Baldwin, whose stature continues to increase. He has made blunders in his career that would have been fatal to most politicians ; but he survives them by virtue of sheer imperturbability, and goes on acquiring rather than losing authority by them. He has a reputation for indolence, and rather cultivates it ; but he is always very wide awake. Indifferent

to criticism, he pursues his appointed way, and gets it. He is never ruffled ; never combative. Under the strongest provocation, he keeps his temper and returns ever the soft answer that turneth away wrath. He makes no pretence to oratory ; but adopts the style of the plain man, sparing of words and shrinking from rhetoric. But on occasions he can rise to a very high level of thought and eloquence, and can reveal a breadth of literary culture which is as rare as it is refreshing among our politicians of today. A man reveals himself in nothing more than in his quotations from the poets ; and Mr. Baldwin's are always so apt to the occasion and so unhackneyed, that they are a delight to the critical and the uncritical alike.

He has been suspected of being half a Socialist ; and if that means that his sympathies are wide and human, the charge is true enough. He has no class-consciousness, and knows his countrymen, of whom he is as typical a representative as could be found in the whole land. His pipe and his pigs are, no doubt, very largely an affectation ; for they conceal a lively ambition. Mr. Baldwin enjoys being Prime Minister and a national figure, to contribute to which latter end, possibly, he habitually wears a bowler-hat. How Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury would have shrunk from that informality ! As for his politics, they may be epitomised in the belief that to control the course of events, it is necessary not to swim against the stream of tendency, but to navigate it. The life of this new Parliament will form the final judgment of history on his career. It rests with him to sterilize the revolutionary aims of the Socialist Movement or to bring them nearer to fulfilment. No doubt he has made up his mind how to handle the situation.

In one of his election-broadcasts, Mr. Baldwin declared that Democracy was upon its trial. So it was. So it always is, and such a democracy as ours the world has not known before. It has now some four or five years in which to mature before being put to the test again. May the response be not less satisfactory when it is invoked ; but a wise statesmanship will do well to beware of its susceptibilities. The wage-earners and would-be wage-earners are capable of exercising amazing patience at need ; but they will not put up with neglect. They seem to understand that the effects of world-depression—the dislocation

of old-established channels of trade and the transformation of industrial processes—cannot be cured by an Act of Parliament. They have seen the decay of the cotton industry and the despair of the coalfields. They have felt the blight of unemployment, and watched the collapse of once busy and prosperous areas into desolation. Who could marvel if they sought a refuge in the nostrums of Socialism ?

If that revolution to which the Socialist Party have so airily committed themselves is to be averted, not for the term of the new Parliament, but for all time, the Government must interpret this election as a mandate, not for standing pat, but for exerting all their wisdom and strength earnestly and continuously to the readjustment of the national economy.

> I am asking you again for the same free hand that you gave the Government four years ago, that we may continue the forward march—a free hand at home and a free hand abroad—to widen the restoration of prosperity.

Those words, spoken by Mr. Baldwin on the eve of the election, give assurance that he will not misinterpret his mandate, or sleep on it.

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FRENCH POLICY IN THE CRISIS

By Pertinax

WHAT is it all about and what is really at stake? Such was the usual exclamation of Marshal Foch when he was confronted with a new problem. At the present juncture, to try to ascertain the points at issue is no perfunctory task. Obviously, a good deal of confusion obtains all round.

In an article recently published in this Review my friend Sir Edward Grigg dealt with the Italo-Ethiopian conflict mainly from the standpoint of the legitimate need of Italian expansion beyond the narrow limits of the peninsula in Southern Europe. Nobody will challenge the opinion that the forty-two million Italians lack sufficient space, compressed as they are within some 120,000 square miles. But was the Fascist government of Rome confronted with a blank refusal when it put forward its claim to the overlordship of Abyssinia? No. It was simply reminded that international commitments must be respected, and that it had better conform to the careful course pursued by Great Britain in Egypt and by France in Morocco. It had never entered the mind of those two great Powers to regard all existing treaties as obsolete and to dispatch 200,000 men beyond the sea in order to realize the dreams of their empire-builders. Day by day they supported and promoted their material interests in these African lands, looking for compromise with the foreign Powers affected, and finally they achieved their purpose by agreement between themselves and by making use of the opportunity that the war of 1914 afforded.

The problem of the periodical reshuffling of the territorial and political map to meet changing national requirements is one of terrible complexity. Up till now, it has only been solved by the arbitrament of war: it is not easy to devise a peaceful *processus* that will adequately replace it, and Article 19 of the Covenant can hardly be regarded as an approach to it. But, in the present

case, that problem for once did not arise, since the London and Paris governments had by no means set their faces against the accomplishment of the Italian plan, but simply insisted that the outward forms of international law must not be openly violated. But the actual course of events was as if Signor Mussolini were striving rather for an emphatic assertion of brutal force than for the substance of the spoil. He is reported to have declared to the French Ambassador that he would not accept Ethiopia if presented to him on a silver tray, but that he meant to conquer it; and on another occasion he is credited with having said that he could not bring back the thousands of young men sent to Eritrea unless they had been given the chance to cover themselves with military glory.

Such is the spirit in which apparently he has laid violent hands upon a number of important international treaties: the tripartite treaty of 1906, signed by Great Britain, France, and Italy to safeguard their respective interests in Abyssinia and to maintain that country's independence; the League Covenant, of which the full validity was duly recognized in respect to Abyssinia barely twelve years ago when Fascist Rome supported the admission of the Addis Ababa government into the Geneva establishment; the Briand-Kellogg Pact of 1928, and even the Italo-Ethiopian treaty of 1928. As to the exchange of letters between London and Rome (1925) which is sometimes quoted on the Italian side as a justification of the present war, it is sufficient to observe that it did not go beyond the definition of economic zones and that, when it was challenged in Geneva, the signatories did not insist on the instrument.

On that ground the aggression of October 3rd can only be regarded as a provocation to the Powers which profess that international relations cannot be conducted in an orderly manner except by the *pacta servanda* principle, and that the *sic rebus stantibus* addition to that principle must not be interpreted so as to cancel it entirely.

In today's conflict such is the stake. By itself, Abyssinia is a negligible factor. But let us keep in mind that on the European continent a vital controversy has been going on for years, and by now is probably about to take a turn for the worse, between the national states which are determined to defend their

existence and the various exponents of Hitlerian pan-Germanism. Italy tackled the Ethiopian case brutally enough to create a precedent likely to make things easier for an eventual aggressor on the Continent. Hence the passionate attention which Soviet Russia as well as the members of the Little Entente and of the Balkan Entente devote to the hostilities in Africa. Those states would not have been unwilling to expel Abyssinia from the League, possibly in company with other states whose unworthiness could easily have been proved—for instance, Liberia, or even Panama, neither of which can be regarded as independent countries. They might even have condoned a *combinazione* under Article 15, by which the Italian attack could have been legalized or, alternatively, shut their eyes to some sort of camouflage which would have shifted to Abyssinia the responsibility of the initial act of war. But one thing they cannot admit : that Berlin or Budapest or Warsaw should be able to proclaim in the near future that the League has bowed its head to the naked sword. Rather than remain passive and allow such a development to occur, they have, by letting economic sanctions run their course, shown that they are even prepared to impair still further their already much damaged economic structures.

Now, what have we learned after ten weeks' experience about the nature and the practibility of what is now commonly called " collective security "; about the working of the Geneva system ?

Contrary to the opinion officially expressed so many times by British statesmen, it does not follow from what has been said that the machinery of the League of Nations ought automatically to have been put in motion against Italy—at any rate no more so than in the case of the Sino-Japanese conflict or of the Chaco imbroglio. The League is not a super-state with military forces of its own. It is an association of sovereign governments, which have retained to the full their sovereignty, and have never divested themselves of the essential prerogative to declare war or to make peace by taking counsel of their national interests. By the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact they are only bound, as they would be by ordinary diplomatic convention, to observe certain general rules in the conduct of their policy. The League, that is to say, cannot be expected to act with complete efficiency in every conceivable contingency. Its present experience and its past history

(not to mention common sense) make it clear that it cannot possibly enter the field against an aggressor unless an individual power or group of powers, provided with ample resources, should come forward as the champion of the victim, impress its will to action upon the other member-states, and bring with it a retinue of associates. In short, the League, not unlike a Church (and, in that sense, I accept Sir Edward Grigg's simile as accurate) needs for the adequate discharge of its function the assistance of a secular arm. Directly that secular arm is seen to be available, the League ceases to be a church and begins to behave, in practice, as a coalition.

I wonder whether the Foreign Office, and even the Quai d'Orsay, are fully aware of that characteristic of the Geneva institution. Or are they still influenced by the conceptions which expressed themselves most conspicuously in the famous Geneva Protocol of 1924 but which have been gradually overwhelmed by a multitude of juridical impedimenta and, thereafter, altogether scrapped—as evidenced by what took place at the League Council meeting on October 7, when a pronouncement had to be made upon Italy's aggression and when the machinery of sanctions had to be started? In 1924 and for several years afterwards it was commonly assumed that the violation of the Covenant by a given state, that is, the designation of the aggressor, could only be placed on record by a unanimous decision of the Council, and even—the acme of absurdity—that the parties directly involved in the conflict could not be denied the right to cast their votes. So much was this so that in 1922 the Assembly was asked to adopt an amendment to the Covenant which was intended to set right that extraordinary state of affairs, a permanent cause of paralysis to the League. By that amendment, had it been duly ratified, the exception formulated in Article 15 to exclude the parties from the vote on the Council's recommendation for a peaceful settlement would have applied also in the case of Article 16, dealing with sanctions. Once the designation of the aggressor had become an accomplished fact, the sanctions, financial, economic, and military had likewise to be put in force, if the same interpretation of the Covenant were to be adhered to, by the unanimous resolution of all the member-states represented on the Council. Such was the current theory. It gave rise to

innumerable controversies which the Geneva Protocol, an unforgettable monument of ideology, was intended to solve.

The League has been put to the test of a territorial aggression, and the problem has vanished under the impact of political necessity. *Solvitur ambulando.* Literally interpreted, the initial phrase in Article 16 has indicated the way where speedy progress could be made :

> " Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League. . . ."

Ipso facto : such are the essential words. They are underlined in the text. From them it follows that, without having to wait not only for the decision, but even for the meeting of the Council, every member-state has within its discretion to consider that it has been placed in a position of lawful defence against the nation which, in its judgment, appears to bear the responsibility of the aggression and, as a consequence, is entitled to embark upon any economic and any military measure that it may deem appropriate. As a further consequence, it does not belong to the Council, as such, to designate the aggressor, but simply to hold a sitting where each delegate is given the opportunity to declare publicly the conclusions of his own government on the subject. As to the sanctions, economic and military, the humble but very important task which devolves upon that body (and upon the Assembly) is to coordinate them, the initiative being left to individual states. Such is the general conception that was acted upon in Geneva on October 7th and subsequent days.

The men who worked out the requisite formulas were Nicolas Titulesco, the Foreign Minister of Rumania, and Stephen Osusky, the Czechoslovakian Minister in Paris, assisted by the higher officials of the League. The heads of the major delegations, M. Pierre Laval and Mr. Eden, quietly groped their way in the dark, and they did not always thoroughly understand all the implications of what they were led to do—as anybody can see for himself who reads their public speeches or the diplomatic notes which issue from them or from their offices.

Such are the prestige and authority which attach to great political intellects even when they are enlisted in the service of

secondary states. That new interpretation of Article 16 (which, as a matter of fact, had been anticipated in the report of Signor Schanzer in 1921 and in the set of resolutions passed by the Assembly in 1922, but then laid aside) has been pushed very far indeed. For instance, the Co-ordinating Committee, which put in shape the financial and economic sanctions, is a conference of sovereign states without any formal link either with the Council or the Assembly.

To sum up, as soon as Ethiopian territory was invaded the League transformed itself, under the impulse of the concentration of British naval power in the Mediterranean, into an alliance directed against the breaker of the Covenant. Sir Samuel Hoare continually repeats that, in a system of general security, each member-state must contribute its equal share to the common purpose. The truth of that assertion can be disputed. As things go in this world, the nations most directly affected by the conflict, or which are best able to act, are bound to assume a kind of leadership and to saddle themselves with direct responsibilities that, at least in practice, exceed by far the responsibilities of the other governments. When the London Cabinet realized at the end of June, at the time of Mr. Eden's journey to Rome, that British Mediterranean supremacy was challenged, within two months it put the whole world in presence of the accomplished fact of a huge naval mobilization. Afterwards, it entered into intricate negotiations in Geneva in order to induce the other governments to look to itself as to the implicit mandatory of the Council, and it was on that ground that the naval assistance of France was asked for after the Cabinet Council which met in Downing Street on September 24th. Instinctively, the British Cabinet placed the most far-reaching construction that can be imagined upon Paragraph 3 of Article 16 when it took that step and tried to force upon France the view that mutual assistance between member-states enforcing sanctions ought to cover preparations made by an individual state upon the assumption that an attack could be started at any moment.

But, it will be asked, what would become of the League if the Powers that send delegates to the Geneva Council should appear to discover, after the outbreak of war, that they see the whole situation from widely divergent angles, and cannot agree about

the aggressor or the action to be taken against him? During the last two months, the question did not arise at the seat of the League. An unexceptional degree of unanimity obtained, due probably to the fact that, rightly or wrongly, Italian power does not inspire fear everywhere in Europe. But were Germany to be the protagonist, the same favourable circumstances would not exist. Numerous delegations would sit under a cloud of dread and apprehension. Therefore, at another juncture, the League might conceivably break asunder upon the issue of the alliance to be formed against the aggressor. It might dissolve itself into various groups. Such is the risk that has to be incurred as a counterpart of the fresh interpretation of Article 16 that has prevailed. After all, to be alive and efficient means that dangers must be faced.

Another feature of the situation which calls for special examination concerns Anglo-French relations. M. Laval, if he had had his way, would probably have chosen to let the Italo-Ethiopian conflict more or less alone, to imitate the abstention of Great Britain in 1931 when Japan made up her mind to deal drastically with Chinese affairs. The French people are keenly alive to the magnitude and to the imminence of the German menace. For over eighteen months, French diplomacy has consistently endeavoured to lay down the foundations of a huge system of mutual assistance that, at the outbreak of war, should be ready to apply the provisions of Article 16 with the maximum of resolution and vigour, and to carry the whole League in its train. In that system, Italy, if the spirit of the Franco-Italian agreement of January 7th and the military conversations initiated last March were to be trusted, could be expected to play an important part. In order to vindicate international law, was it opportune to take steps which would inevitably thrust the Fascist Government into the camp of Hitler? For the sake of carrying out in Africa the rules of the Covenant, was it reasonable to make their eventual enforcement in Europe still more hazardous and costly? As far as high-flown theory goes, the guilt of the Italian aggressor of today can be alleged to compare with the guilt of the German aggressor of tomorrow. But the League of Nations does not wield such a universal power as to make negligible for it all considerations of time and space. It must know how to

stand passive in minor cases in order to prove more adequate to its work on major occasions. Moreover, if the worst came to the worst with Italy, would not the heaviest burden fall upon French shoulders, since it could be foreseen that hostilities would not remain confined to the Mediterranean but spread to the Alpine frontiers and even perhaps draw Germany into action ? There may have been some exaggeration in that forecast, but in France the authorities responsible for national defence could not rightly dismiss it altogether from their minds. Such was the first reaction of the French Cabinet.

However, the terms of the problem were changed when it began to dawn upon French leading circles that public opinion in England was deeply roused and that imperial interests were regarded as having been put in jeopardy by the initiative of Italy. At this point a remark must be made. We are simply at a loss to understand the claim made so many times by Sir Samuel Hoare that nothing but motives of high idealism have actuated British policy in its present course. Not that we fail to realize that it would be a mistake to overlook the popular movement in England in favour of " collective security ", the lesson of the Peace Ballot, etc. But how can we believe that the overlord of the Sudan and Egypt would remain undisturbed at the prospect of Italy planting herself in Ethiopia, which in some respects commands the Nile, where it would at any rate be possible for her to build up an army of very warlike blacks ? How can we believe that the bold words uttered by Signor Mussolini at the end of June, in the presence of Mr. Eden, about the Mediterranean, gave no cause for disquiet to a government which must of necessity control the sea route to India ? And, moreover, had not *The Times* observed in a leading article (striking, perhaps, an unusual note) that an African question means more to the British people than a European question ?

For these reasons, the formal demand for the assistance of the French fleet and for the use of the naval base of Bizerta in case of an Italian attack, when it was put forward by both the Foreign Office and the Admiralty on September 24th, and repeated subsequently until, on October 26th, M. Laval agreed to it, in principle at least, has been understood in France to point to a critical turning point in the conflict. It appeared to us that,

from the African plane, it had been raised to the dignity of a dominant international issue, that Great Britain had come forward as a *demandeur* and that, for France, the choice lay between supporting the London Government and the League of Nations (in the process of being turned into a fighting machine), or adhering to the friendship of Italy amidst the ruins of Article 16 and of French policy, as practised during the last fifteen years.

A good deal of pertinent criticism can be addressed to M. Laval, who holds ideas of his own about the methods best suited to conciliate Germany, and personally is not perhaps too much inclined to keep up the tradition of the Entente Cordiale. He has been over-ruled by his ministerial colleagues, by the whole Quai d'Orsay, and by a preponderating body of parliamentary opinion (as distinct from public opinion at large); but it cannot be said that, in the interest of the French defensive system in Europe and of the strengthening of the League, the maximum gain has been reaped. The time has not yet come to explain in detail the Notes exchanged by both governments on October 5th, 14th, 16th, 18th and 26th. It is enough to indicate that, in the balancing of immediate risks and Italy's friendship as against long-term security, French policy has wobbled and hesitated too long. All the proceedings in Geneva have reflected its hesitation from day to day. The ultimate outcome has been that, on October 26th, M. Laval had to give gracelessly and without any continental *quid pro quo* a promise of help which, had it been made last August or September, would probably have consolidated Anglo-French co-operation once for all, and given it a *preventive* influence most beneficial to general peace.

An opportunity has been allowed to go by, but it must be added that the reconstruction of British sea and air power in the Mediterranean, which proceeds apace, may bring it back before it is too late.

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

Prestige or Common Sense?

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, K.C.B.

THE decisions to be made by the Naval Conference, now about to meet, will be of a most far-reaching character. In broad terms the conclusions will decide whether the Sea Powers of the world are to commit themselves to expenditures greatly exceeding those with which they are burdened to-day; and so far as this country is concerned, whether she is to regain that degree of security which was deliberately abandoned at the London Conference. In short, is common sense and statesmanship or the dictates of megalomania in its various forms to rule the naval policy of the Powers?

Until a little more than a quarter of a century ago the objects of naval armaments were confined to, and had no other basis than, the needs of security. The world accepted certain broad, if unexpressed, principles. Each country looked to the immediate needs and provided, at the least expenditure possible, for the defence of its interests and the requirements of its strategy. It was conceded that the position of Britain was different from that of any other Power, and her maintenance of a fleet superior to that of others was recognized as just, for she, unlike any other Power, was dependent upon the sea. No other country could be isolated if it lost "command", since each and all had land frontiers over which supplies could reach them, and their commerce could move. Moreover, it was well known that sea power, standing by itself, was incapable of enforcing the country's will upon land power, for long experience had clearly demonstrated the limited extent of its offensive, or compulsive, action. Only when it was brought into use in combination with land power did it become formidable.

But new reasons were brought into play when Germany, the greatest land Power of the Continent, started to constitute herself at the same time a formidable sea Power. Then began that competition which has since plunged the whole world into vast expenditure upon navies, and for reasons hitherto undreamed of by the statesmen or people. Not the least of these new navies was that of the United States on the basis of an entirely novel doctrine that the preservation of the rights of a neutral required force equal to that of the strongest belligerent.

A race was prevented at Washington. The five principal sea Powers there agreed to maintain certain defined proportions of their battle fleets. There are now indications that readjustments of those proportions are demanded, and that there will be determined opposition to some of those readjustments. Japan asserts the need for equality with the United States. The United States asserts the need of its own superiority over Japan. France, who with great reluctance accepted the proportion of battleships allotted to her, and has never admitted that the needs of security of either of these two Powers, neither of which possesses great colonial territories, demanded forces greater than hers, proceeded, in default of a battle force, to construct a great submarine fleet. Since then a new factor has come upon the scene. There was then no German Navy. Now there is to be a German fleet which, in capital ship tonnage, will be slightly greater than that of France—35 per cent. of that of Britain against 33⅓ per cent. Italy in her turn, claims equality with France.

So we stand on the verge of a new race of a very formidable, costly and dangerous character. If Japan should insist upon enlarging her battle fleet, it can only result in a proportional enlargement of that of America, and with that also an enlargement of that of Great Britain. By the terms of the German Treaty this automatically brings in its train an enlargement of the German fleet in order to preserve its 35 per cent proportion ; and as France and Italy cannot be indifferent to the strengths of Germany and France respectively, this brings with it increases in their navies, and a new and costly Devil's Dance begins.

This is not all. The Washington Conference, with some slight exceptions, confined its limitations to the " battleships ".

Although it had been suggested by Mr. Charles Evans Hughes that the proportions applied to the battleship forces should also apply to the cruiser forces, the British Government, in accordance with a principle always recognized in this country, refused to accept such a limitation. Policy, based no less upon experience than reasoning, had always differentiated between the battle forces and the vessels employed in the direct defence of the communications. Whereas battle forces had at all times been calculated upon a proportional system, or " standard ", such a system was wholly inapplicable to the cruiser forces, whose strength was not dependent upon the numbers of cruisers possessed by other Powers, but upon the duties which the cruisers are called upon to perform.

It was upon that principle that the cruiser forces had been calculated for fully two centuries. The government of the day, however, at the London Conference threw that principle overboard. It adopted a proportional system of cruiser strength and, instead of fixing the British strength on the old basis of requirements, established it in a wholly arbitrary fashion at a number—fifty—which, in the opinion of every qualified authority, would be insufficient to perform the duties of protecting the communications of the Empire against attack in the outer seas. Simultaneously it applied the same principle to the flotilla forces, a large proportion of which perform what are called " cruiser duties "—the escorting of convoys, the search for and destruction of enemy light forces, on and under the surface, engaged in attack in a sporadic form upon shipping. Fixing its eyes also exclusively upon the submarine as the attacker of commerce in the narrower seas, it proclaimed its readiness still further to reduce the attenuated strength of the destroyer forces if the submarine forces of the other Powers were reduced. It is not, however, the submarine alone which threatens shipping in the narrower seas. The flotilla craft is not only not a less, but in certain circumstances a greater, threat to commerce. It is necessary only to recall the attacks upon convoys in the North Sea made by destroyer forces and the attacks made by the Flanders flotillas upon the Dover Patrol, to realize that on those routes which pass through areas on the flank of which destroyer flotillas are based most formidable attacks can be launched against the

shipping, which could be resisted only by forces at least equal to those of the attackers.

While these limitations were applied to the British flotilla forces they were not adopted by other Powers, who retained their freedom to build not only as many surface vessels as they desired, but also of whatever size they thought fit. Tonnage limits of 1,500 and 1,800 tons were assigned to the two types of British destroyer. France and Italy accepted no such limitation and have built vessels up to 2,500 tons. Inferiority of numbers may be compensated for by greater individual strength—a truism which constituted the basis of the original British policy of building what were then called " destroyers " to cope with the vastly more numerous torpedo boats which France, under the influence of the *jeune école* in the 'eighties of the last century, was building to carry out commerce warfare against British trade in the Channel.

While these numerical, or quantitative, limitations were agreed upon at the two conferences, the question of size was also considered. The increasing power and size of the gun and the new forms of attack from under the water and from the air induced the belief that greatest tonnages were needed for the type known as the battleship. The " ideal " battleship of the future was, in the opinion of a distinguished naval architect, Sir George Thurston, one of 57,000 tons with a speed of 33½ knots.* Fortunately such monsters have not materialised, but a figure of 35,000 tons was adopted. Various reasons have been given for the necessity of this size, but in the main it rests upon the fact of the increased and probably increasing destructive powers of the torpedo, the bomb, and the mine. No ship of a lesser tonnage could be constructed which would possess the armour or the forms of construction under water necessary to enable it to survive the blows of these new weapons. If ships must operate in waters strewed with mines, infested by torpedo craft, and overlooked from the air, it was considered indispensable that they should be strong enough to withstand the missiles with which they were attacked.

And here a curious consideration arises. The command of these waters is not exercised by battleships only. Navies con-

* *Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual*, 1920-21, p. 80.

sist not only of the fifteen great ships of the strongest Powers, but also of cruisers and destroyers; and these vessels, above all others, have to operate in the same waters, exposed to the same dangers. They it is, as the late war abundantly showed, which perform the duties of direct defence, which escort convoys or patrol areas; which protect the great ships against submarines and act offensively against them; which scout for the battleship, furnishing its eyes, without which it is blind. Yet they, of sizes far smaller than the 35,000 tons of the battleships, are to enter those waters and operate there. Their services are indispensable. If, therefore, it be true that only ships of this vast tonnage can with safety enter the waters infested with carriers of these new weapons, it follows that these smaller ships will be destroyed. The great ships may parade the sea in their immunity, but their numbers are too few to give protection to the shipping which they exist to protect. The Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow and the Forth performed a necessary service in covering the scattered forces of cruising vessels from attack by the High Seas Fleet; but this could not save the shipping in the Channel, the Bay, or the Mediterranean from the submarine's attacks. It was those supposedly vulnerable small craft which, operating continuously in submarine-infested waters, saved the allied cause in the War. Wherein therefore is the truth that the only answer to the modern weapons of under-water and above-water warfare lies in building a very limited number of invulnerable ships?

All this is not to say that the "great" ship is useless, that her place can be taken by the submarine or the aircraft types. So long as some Powers possess such ships, there must be others to meet them, for smaller ships cannot do so. Thus, while there was no desire on the part of France to construct great ships, Admiral Le Bon expressed the view that France would not be so foolish as to construct ships of less than 35,000 tons when other Powers possessed such ships. "She must certainly build vessels equal in strength to those of other navies." It was not a question of the intrinsic necessity of ships of this size, but of necessity for ships capable of meeting those of an adversary—a relative, not an absolute need. Italy, too, had expressed her readiness to consider any reduction in size, provided the other Powers agreed; but, as time passed and the determination on the part of the

United States to resist any reduction in size became plain, she proceeded to lay down two ships of the maximum size, with the result that France replied with a similar policy. Japan appears to have proposed to abolish capital ships—a misleading term, for however much the size of a ship may be reduced, the biggest ship is always the " capital " or principal ship. She therefore, like other Powers, is of opinion that it is possible for navies to perform the functions for which they exist without these immense vessels ; but so long as other Powers insist upon their retention, it is to be expected that she, like them, will have to retain them.

While some other reasons are given, such as the need for big ships to steam big distances (which has no basis in fact), and the need for them in order to render impossible a superior concentration of vessels of lesser size (which is no less a delusion), the principal reason for the belief in the intrinsic necessity of great size is the inability of smaller vessels to withstand the explosions of the mine, the bomb, and the torpedo. But when the vessel has been produced which possesses this invulnerability, will she be capable not only of floating and fighting after being in action, but of taking up the positions in the theatre of war which will enable her to come into action at all ?

What is the purpose of that main concentration of fighting power which today we call the " Battle Fleet " ? It is perfectly plain. It is to be read in every page of the history of war at sea. Its purpose is to render impotent by destruction, threat of destruction or disablement, moral or material, of the corresponding " mass " of the enemy. Its capacity to do this depends entirely upon whether it can take up and occupy, permanently, such a position relative to the enemy, that it is reasonably certain (for there is no absolute certainty in war) that it can fall upon that enemy and bring him to action under conditions favourable to success if he puts to sea for any purpose whatever—carrying troops across the sea, sallying to attack a convoy—before he can execute that purpose. That is the meaning of that much misunderstood word " cover ".

In order that this shall be possible, it is obvious that the fleet must be near enough to the enemy's position to be sure of intercepting him. If it lies too far off, in terms of distance or time, the enemy can do what he chooses. He has done so on many

occasions—Tourville, Hoche, Bruix, Brueys and others: the incidents are familiar to all those who make a study of naval warfare. So the question which the strategist asks is whether, when all these millions have been spent upon producing ships capable of standing some injury (or if it be preferred, of being secure against disablement) from the new weapons, the result will be a ship so invulnerable that the fleet of which she is the unit can take up and lie in a station in which she will " command " the movements of an enemy. Will such a fleet, as the French say, " fix " the enemy? This was possible in the past. The fleet could do this either by cruising at sea so near the enemy ports that he could not move without being intercepted, or by lying in a harbour so near him that on the report of a movement or expected movement, the fleet could reach the enemy before he got to sea. It could in other words arrive across his path *in time*.

Presumably no one deludes himself with the belief that the product of the constructor's skill will possess such a degree of invulnerability that she can keep the sea continuously near the enemy's ports, even if the fuel problem and wear and tear did not forbid such a course of action. Can it then lie in harbour—if a conveniently situated harbour is available? Whether it can do so depends entirely upon whether it would be secure from attack. When the torpedo boat made her appearance, the harbours were protected by obstructions on the surface of the water. When the submarine followed her, the obstructions were continued under water; and when doubts of the value of those obstructions existed, the fleet went where it believed itself either out of reach or out of knowledge: from Scapa Flow to Loch Ewe. Will the obstructions, passive and active, above the surface of the water be as efficient as these, preventing an air flotilla from discharging their missiles? If not, it would seem that we must expect a fleet to be withdrawn out of the range of the air flotillas, as fleets in the past were withdrawn from anchorages where they were commanded by guns. If that should happen, the position to which it is obliged to withdraw is liable to be so far from the enemy that it becomes a physical impossibility for it to perform its duties. It cannot reach the threatened point in time. To take an exaggerated illustration—a Spanish fleet at Barcelona,

however powerful and invulnerable, could not impede the movements of a Greek fleet operating in the Levant any more than a fleet off Cape Clear could prevent the destruction of a convoy off Lagos.

If it be reasonably certain that the defensive arrangement of the bases, in the requisite positions, will be so effective that no attack can penetrate them, well and good. The fleets can then lie, as Togo lay at the Elliott Islands, within the range of attacking flotillas, and near enough to control the movements of the enemy ; in other words, fulfil their purpose. But if this may not be counted upon, if there be doubts of the completeness of the defences, as there were doubts at Scapa, the fleet must not lie there, and the movements of the enemy will be unhindered—unless he too, for fear of attack, has withdrawn his forces out of reach not only of attack, but also of any possible quarry. In which case the droll situation would arise of two fleets lying at the most extreme positions from each other, each out of effective range of his desired objective ; while smaller vessels, in no such fear of the air, fight for the command of the sea. One may indeed entertain some doubts whether, in the unlikely hypothesis of a Franco-Italian war, the magnificent new 35,000-ton ships of both navies could remain for long in the strategically desirable positions of Toulon and Spezia : as one may question whether a British fleet at Alexandria—if it should be felt unsafe at Malta—would be any safeguard to the communications through the Malta Channel or in the Western basin of the Mediterranean.

In the matter of numbers, the question hinges largely upon the difference between Japan and the United States. Each is properly considering its own security, in its own interpretation of the word, and each takes a different view of the needs. The United States maintains that its security demands a fleet superior to that of Japan, and that Japan, with an inferior fleet, is secure against the United States. Japan on her part inquires why, if it be true that her own security is assured with a fleet inferior to that of her " distant neighbour ", that neighbour needs superiority to render her secure against Japan? If the matter were merely strategical a compromise would present no exceptional difficulty : but it is not. It is also psychological. It is true that Japan, with the advantages that position confers, can resist an attack

by superior forces acting from a distance : it was, indeed, on that understanding that she originally accepted a lesser ratio. But national pride resents the stigma of a declared inferiority, while national pride on the other side of the Pacific resents a departure from the *status quo*.

Numbers and size—how to reduce both is the question. If the sanity of strategy could replace the vapours of prestige ; if thoughts of how a navy acts could override those of rendering invulnerable a few of its ships, much could be done at the forthcoming conference. Those, however, who have watched with uneasiness the course of events of recent years, cannot indulge in optimism, and are forced regrettably to foresee an increase in the naval budgets throughout the world without any corresponding increase in the security of the nations.

THE VATICAN AND THE NEW NATIONALISMS

By Harrison Brown

ONE morning this summer a gentleman rang the bell of an apartment in Vienna. A furnished room was to let and the visitor had called to see it. On the door of the room being opened he was astonished to find that part of the furniture appeared to consist of a machine gun and a squad of soldiers. Despite the landlady's assurance that these ornaments would be removed elsewhere if he took the room, the gentleman declined.

Recovered from his astonishment, the would-be lodger reflected that the machine gun had been trained, not upon the street, but upon the windows of the building opposite. His astonishment returned on finding that the threatened building was a Government Ministry!

The story well illustrates the curious position of the Fascist Government in Austria. Though one may journey from end to end of that beautiful little country without meeting a Government supporter, nevertheless, since the Dollfuss episode, it is less from the grumblers outside than from traitors within that disturbance is to be feared.

One may perhaps stretch the illustration slightly to describe the position of the Church of Rome in Central Europe. The Church is strong, but it is nowhere so strong as where it appears to be weakest. *Per contra*, where it holds most material force it is essentially least secure.

In Germany, where the Catholics now share with the Jews the distinction of being the *bêtes noires* of the Nazis, persecution has rallied many waverers in support of their faith. In Austria, on the other hand, where the Church is closely identified with the priest-cum-police form of Fascism, one may hear "*die verdammten Schwarzen*" cursed at every cross-roads.

The Church would appear to have entered upon a fight for its life in Germany. Compromise on minor issues may provide

a temporary lull in the battle from time to time, but nothing can disguise the fact that two *Weltanschauungen* stand now confronted, each of which claims for itself infallibility. The Nazi dogma of " Nordic " supremacy is fundamentally irreconcilable with the Roman doctrine of equality in the Faith. It is not inconceivable that the Church may, by compromise, retain the shadow of its authority for a time, but it can only do so at the price of its soul. In more ways than one Cardinal Faulhaber is correct in saying that " the hitherto impregnable positions of orthodoxy are being attacked ".

The fight of the Roman Church in Germany is, however, only part of the historic struggle now beginning. There the fight is between two dogmas, and the Church pins its faith to the hope that the internal regime of the country will change before a new generation has had time to become imbued with the forcibly-fed doctrines of its brutal opponent. In Germany a Church which is to survive spiritually has no alternative but to fight, though its weapon, in so far as possible, must continue to be that of passive resistance.

In the wider field the Vatican is confronted with a definite choice. It is a choice, on the one hand, between support of dictatorship, often unpopular amongst the mass of believers and, on the other, support of democracy.

Rome has no preference for any particular form of government. It is not concerned with the morality of a dictatorship today any more than it was with the morality of kings or usurpers in the past. Rome is governed solely by considerations of expediency. Essentially reactionary in itself, it has tended on the whole to favour autocracy and to be suspicious of democracy. But it will oppose dictatorship by every means when that form of government is itself anti-Catholic. On the other hand, the more recent attitude of the Vatican towards the Successor States, and in particular Czechoslovakia, indicates an appreciation on the part of the Catholic hierarchy that, in these days, a democratic form of government may be safer for the Church than an autocracy. The day has passed when " strong government " in Central Europe necessarily meant support for the Church. Hence the change of attitude on the part of the Vatican towards strong government. On both sides sentiment

is exclusively a weapon of propaganda. The entire lack of scruple shown by the Church in its opposition to the present regime in Mexico should suffice to show that sentimental bias on behalf of the Vatican is misplaced.

The gravity of the present situation derives from the fact that the capitalist economic system tends increasingly towards forms of dictatorship. Fascism has, with some reason, been called " the cruel old age of Capitalism", and both the conditions which give rise to it and its methods when in power are incompatible with the practice of Christian charity. Yet it is upon " charity " that the Roman Church must base its claim to show any consideration whatever for the material condition of the masses. Rome does not share the view of the modern educationist, by whom the system of rewards and punishments has long been considered antiquated.

An historic " show-down " seems imminent. The clash between rival systems of government is too marked for the Church to be able to remain aloof. Her methods also, so perfectly adapted to the requirements of more leisurely ages, no longer function freely in the atmosphere of modern Europe. The Church is like an old lady who is being hustled along by stalwart youths at three times her normal gait.

In Germany the Press openly incites the population against the Catholics, and the crudest insults are bandied about. At an Agricultural Exhibition in Berlin this year, a Nazi propaganda placard announced that " priests do not need wives so long as peasants have women ". In his edict addressed nominally to the Provincial Governors of Prussia, General Göring complained that priests were " adapting the symbols of National-Socialism to their own purposes ". Thus the initials H. J. for Hitler Youth became H. J., meaning Heart of Jesus. Even the " German salute ", declared the Prussian Premier indignantly, was being used by these political Catholics as a salute for Jesus Christ.

In February of this year a decree was published inconspicuously in the Bavarian Press which abolished thirteen of the existing seventeen Catholic Academies for women teachers, which for centuries have trained women for work in the 5,420 elementary schools. In July General Göring dissolved the Reich League of Catholic Front Fighters. During the same period a number of

Catholic Workmen's Associations, although expressly protected by the Concordat of 1933, were suspended and their property seized. In the same month Herr Kerrl was appointed Reich Minister for Church Affairs, and made no secret of his intention to deconfessionalize German public life. His appointment was accepted by the Catholics as a declaration of war upon their Church, but Herr Kerrl's tactics have proved more subtle than was anticipated. Another promotion at the same time was that of Count Helldorf to be Police President of Berlin. Helldorf first attracted attention abroad by his gangster activities on the Kurfürstendamm in 1932, for which he served three months' imprisonment. His record since that date had made him conspicuous even amongst Nazi leaders. On taking up his duties he expressly included " political Catholics " among those whom he had been appointed to suppress.

At Rostock Mgr. Leffer was given eighteen months' imprisonment for an alleged statement that Hitler was " a liar and a traitor ". The " evidence " was provided by three young students, two girls and a youth, who were members of Ludendorff's pagan Tannenberg League and who had obtained access to the priest on the pretext of wishing to know his opinion about Rosenberg's book, *An die Dunkelmänner unserer Zeit*. The *Katholisches Kirchenblatt* was subsequently confiscated for daring to publish a full account of this trial.

All this official incitement to hooliganism of a youth disappointed by its leaders in other respects has not been without its effects. In Munich a Catholic street collection was broken up by organized Nazi ruffians, and the volunteer collectors mobbed. In Breslau, in August, storm troopers paraded an effigy of a priest hanging from a gallows. At Hamm the Archbishop of Paderborn was threatened by a Nazi with a dagger as he left the church. Hitler Youth entered Cologne Cathdral during a service and boxed the ears of girls and children in the congregation. In many places throughout the Rhineland churches have been mutilated and tombstones desecrated.

Even the Sterilization Law, itself a defiance of Rome and the subject of vigorous protest, appears to have been used against Catholics. It is reported from Silesia that a priest of the Order of St. Francis, whose war wounds have been under treatment

and who was being nursed in a convent, was condemned by the Health Bureau of Ratibor to sterilization. There is nothing surprising in this to those who are aware of the extent to which the new Law is being used on political grounds.

These are only a few of the indignities to which Catholics have been submitted in recent months. Numerous though such instances are, the wonder is that they are not more common in a country in which the incredible *Stürmer* is an officially protected publication. Incidentally it should be mentioned that the once rich and powerful Catholic press has virtually ceased to exist. Hampered and censored at every turn, many publications have stopped altogether; the remainder limp on with a mere fraction of their former readers.

It is often asked why such a mighty organization as the Roman Catholic Church should accept such treatment. The answer is that the Church appears to recognize its changed situation and to realize that its weapons of retaliation are limited. This, however, has not prevented the Catholic Bishops in general, and certain individuals in particular, from adopting an extremely courageous stand upon occasion. An example of the first was the Pastoral Letter issued from the Fulda Congress on September 1st by the German Catholic College of Bishops. Cardinal Faulhaber's sermons are well known, and they have echoes throughout Christendom. On one occasion this son of a Wurzburg baker actually threatened certain Nazi leaders with excommunication.

It must also be added that the methods of the Nazis have, in this case, been far from stupid. In actual fact the Nazi regime is harassing the Church, persecuting its followers and protecting the worst enemies of Rome. The German Government denies all such accusations, however. It claims that there is complete liberty of conscience in regard to religious belief, and denies all suggestions of persecution. The German Press, the " piano " of Dr. Goebbels, has even gone so far as to print accounts of the disturbances in Edinburgh and of the recent outrages in Belfast as evidence of the existence in Great Britain of what the British Press accuses the German Government of fostering.

The claim of the Nazis is that they are only attacking " political

Catholicism ". Although their interpretation of that term has reduced the Concordat to a dead letter, it makes their attacks difficult to counteract. Bishops are accused of treacherous political action when they exhort parents to send their children only to such youth organizations as respect Christian ethics. Letters from priests to Catholic parents are intercepted ; raids have been conducted all over the country, and more than a hundred priests and nuns are in prison. One of them, a popular rector at Bochum, was actually arrested in the confessional box.

Similarly the recent trials of priests and nuns for the alleged breach of foreign exchange restrictions, by smuggling funds abroad with which to pay interest on foreign loans, have resulted in ferocious sentences. There have been scores of such cases ; one may be quoted as an example. Sister Wernera, of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, was condemned to five years' penal servitude, five years' loss of rights and a fine of 150,000 marks, or alternatively a further fourteen months penal servitude In addition an order was made in favour of the State for the seizure of 250,000 marks. Stringent though the law now is in Germany regarding foreign exchange, such sentences as the above surely betray a political purpose.

The immediate effect of all this persecution is difficult to assess. In the Rhineland there would seem to be little doubt that the Church has rallied to it many waverers, as well as non-Catholics, who seek some means of expressing their detestation of the regime. It is noteworthy that Church services at which a sermon is to be preached are frequently so crowded that the doors have to be opened in order that the overflowing congregation may stand within hearing. The service becomes a somewhat pathetic form of demonstration against the persecutors. Pathetic, that is to say, while Rome adopts its present attitude of temporizing. Such popular demonstrations also show what embarrassment could be caused to the Nazis if Rome dared to call their bluff. From the first, however, the Vatican has been ready to accept a formal *Gleichschaltung*, in the early days because the new regime was expected to become civilized, more recently in the hope that it will be supplanted by another form of reaction. An even more interesting sidelight on the effects of persecution

is shown by reports from many German Universities that courses in Catholic theology are unusually crowded.

On the other hand, the Munich School Registration showed a decline in parents registering their children for attendance at Confessional schools from 84 per cent. in 1934 to 65 per cent. in 1935. In part this decline was doubtless due to the decision of Protestant parents to send their children to secular schools. The pressure upon all State officials to keep their children from Confessional schools and youth movements, under threat of the parent's dismissal from his post, has also been extreme. The battle is indeed for control of the minds of the children, and if the Nazi regime endures, the cards are stacked against the Church. The possibilites for the State to exercise economic pressure are alone illimitable in a country in which every charwoman who sweeps out a post office is a " State official ".

Over twenty-one million persons, a third of Germany's population, are nominally Catholic. One-third of the school children receive tuition from Catholic teachers ; there are 7,000 religious houses and convents and about 100,000 priests and nuns are engaged in religious activities. That the Nazis should dare to join issue with such a proportion of their subjects would seem to indicate a belief either that religious persecution is no longer generally unpopular, or else that the Church can be frightened into a cynical betrayal of its trust.

It is by no means certain that the Nazis are not right on both counts. It would at least be absurd to suppose that the Catholic hierarchy does not fully recognize the position. Its judgment may be at fault, for its statesmanship is rarely as far-sighted as is claimed for it, but its recognition of fundamentals is rarely confused. As with the political opponents of the Nazis, so with their spiritual adversaries. The aim of the regime is to eliminate or paralyze the older generation who will not change, and to rely on their power over the years to corrupt the youth.

In his role of " educational director " of the Nazis, Dr. Alfred Rosenberg seeks to " purge " Christianity of all trace of its oriental origin as evidenced by such doctrines as universal love, humility, and redemption of sins. There is to be neither " the whining Christ " nor the " Italian Pope ". There is but one God, and Adolf Hitler is his prophet. " The German People ",

declared Ley in a recent speech, " can only be eternal through National-Socialism ", and the Party would not tolerate that any other idea should dominate in Germany.

" Wir haben uns fremden Dogmen entrafft,
Wir trinken aus eigenem Glauben und Kraft.
Wir wollen Dir selber Priester sein,
Wir glauben an nichts als an Dich allein
Ewiges Deutschland."

After centuries of enlistment in the service of a hundred nationalisms, the Church Eternal finds herself demobilized from the barbarian nationalisms of the day. It is not only in Germany that the cult of blood and earth turns to blasphemy in its efforts to proclaim itself to youth as the new and only religion. From farther down the Danube comes another new-style hymn.

" I believe in one God.
I believe in one Fatherland.
I believe in God's eternal justice.
I believe in the resurrection of Hungary."

Well may the occupant of the Vatican mourn that " the future is not clear to my eyes ". The Nazis have returned to the Middle Ages, the Pope cannot do so. His one offensive weapon, that of excommunication, is no longer a flaming sword but a broken reed. Even amongst good Catholics there are many fervent Nazis. The Church could not risk the conflict of loyalty which use of its ancient weapon would involve. She can only wait and hope. And even hope must decline. After nearly three years of the Third Reich the Vatican now knows there can be no healthy truce with Hitler. The Church has small cause for gratitude to its faithful son Franz von Papen, the man who sold the key to anti-Christ !

From the lunatic fringe of the new religion the official Church rightly sees little danger. Hauer and his pagans are considered too stupid even for the Germans. As counter-propaganda their ravings have their uses, however, and have been so used by the Catholic Bishops. A recent incident might be of interest also to the rank and file of the British Legion, whose leaders show such an unaccountable desire to support Mr. Montagu Norman by hobnobbing with the new type of German gentleman. During a pagan gathering at Munich a speaker announced that " the rites of the Catholic religion are for us a better emetic than anything

the chemist can provide ". An unlucky member of the audience rose to ask a question, which was interpreted by those around him as a defence of Christianity. In less than half a minute he was knocked out under a rain of blows. Only much later did they find in his pocket a Nazi membership card dated 1923 !

The Pagan cult, like the Nazi movement itself and the worship of Hitler, is an example of how German history turns in a circle. Both had their counterparts amongst German youth after the War of Liberation against Napoleon. Treitschke, one of the Nazi idols, wrote of Vater Jahn of those days much as civilized Germans write of Hitler today. He deplored " the unhealthy condition which permitted the sons of a cultured people to worship a barbarian as their master ". Heine, too, has much to say about the " ancient Teutons " who flourished when he was a student at Göttingen, and whose emotional antics were not dissimilar from those of the followers of Hauer and Ludendorff.

The present cult of paganism was at first frowned upon by the Nazis. It began to receive publicity and to recruit followers only after the restitution to Nazi favour of General Ludendorff. One of the less crazy obsessions of Ludendorff is that " the virus " of Christianity is fatal to civilization as he understands it. Recently there has been a tendency on the part of General Göring and others to check the Pagan movement by slighting references to it in public. In an oration at Breslau in October Göring denounced those who brought ridicule upon the Nazi movement by their " romantic dreams of Thor and Odin ". Such attacks lend force to the theory that the Pagans were allowed free rope of publicity for a period in order that they could be made a spectacular sacrifice to Christian susceptibilities when the Church showed signs of compromising to the point of acknowledging Nazi supremacy. Herr Kerrl appears to be well on the road to accomplishing that spiritual defeat of the Churches which previous efforts have failed to attain. In regard to the Evangelical Church, his ordinance of early October may be interpreted as producing a completely State-controlled Church in return for the elimination of Reich Bishop Müller and the " German Christians ", and of an amnesty for imprisoned pastors.

The outcome with regard to the struggle with the Catholics is not yet decided, but compromise seems to be in the air. It

may be assumed that in any case the terms of the compromise will be less clear-cut, and certainly less publicly defined, than is the case with the Evangelicals.

But the fundamental question remains. How long can even the Catholic Church cling to the vague form and abandon the substance of Christian doctrine : surrender to Fascism in Italy, identification with Fascism in Austria, compromise with an openly anti-Christian Fascism in Germany. In their Pastoral Letter, mentioned above, the German Bishops declared that " despite all human wretchedness, the Mother Church remains the wonder of the ages because she has ever asserted herself without surrendering one iota ". One ventures to ask if this will be the judgment of the rising generation of Catholics in five years' time. One is certainly justified in questioning if their numbers will be as great as formerly. One of the Hitler Youth leaders has recently declared that 100,000 young people would shortly forsake the Church of their own accord and vow themselves to the doctrines of Rosenberg.

Herr Kerrl has proved himself no fool. He has cracked the whip and whirled the bludgeon in true Nazi style. But instead of this being the sole end of his efforts, as has not infrequently been the case in the Third Reich, Kerrl moves on.

He is moving towards the ultimate object of " one fold, one shepherd ". The shepherd, of course, is already designated, for Adolf Hitler, after much hesitation, has now convinced himself of his divine mission. As to the nature of the fold there can also be little doubt. The fold is to be a German National Church, built perhaps upon a Protestant foundation but with a Nazi hierarchy on Roman Catholic lines. There might even be a dash of Teuton pagan rites to flavour the mess. It is a prospect at which Christians everywhere have every cause to feel alarmed.

The first open talk of war between the Nazis and Rome appeared in the Bulletin of the Catholic diocese of Berlin. " The anti-Christians are confident of victory ", declared the writer. " They openly claim that the days of Christianity in Germany are numbered." It is not impossible.

PORTENTS IN AUSTRIA

By W. Walter Crotch

AUSTRIA'S recent refusal to fall in with all the other members of the League of Nations, save Hungary and Albania, in imposing economic sanctions against Italy may seem a little remarkable when it is remembered that, up to now, she has been completely dependent upon the good will of Geneva, London, and Paris. This Austrian attitude is intimately connected with the reconstruction of the Cabinet suddenly imposed upon it by Prince Starhemberg in October. In Austria as elsewhere, the League of Nations issue led to a sharp cleavage of opinion. While the bulk of the nation for a variety of reasons warmly endorsed the British stand and cordially approved of the sanctions, and still believes that ineffectiveness in League action would inevitably encourage future aggressors, official circles frankly refused to believe either in the possibility of effective sanctions or in the disastrous consequences which their failure might entail. They cling pathetically to the Italian friendship that served them in July, 1934. Some of them—and this is where the Austrian situation becomes of deep interest from the international point of view—go further and, despairing of effective assistance either from the League or from the Western Powers, are toying with the idea of bringing Italy and Germany together and building up on that basis a solid Central European block of Fascist states.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the success of this policy would singularly aggravate the tension in European affairs. In order to understand its chances of success it is essential to consider what internal and external factors led to the *coup d'etat* of Prince Starhemberg in October. Certain it is that beneath the superficially calm surface of Austrian life there is an uninterrupted play of tumultuous and opposing forces, which is gradually rendering her impotent and may cause her to become a positive danger to European peace.

The basis of orderly government is sound finance. Thanks to the steady assistance furnished by the League, Austrian finances have improved. The Austrian schilling is stable and the spectre of inflation has been banned. The brilliant success of the Austrian tourist propaganda in England, in France, in Holland and elsewhere has resulted in a steady influx of foreign money. Certain industries appear to be flourishing: those connected with armaments and supplies. At the moment when these lines are written, Herr Mandl, who controls that part of industrial activity, is turning out millions of cartridges for Italy. In Wiener-Neustadt new works were recently opened for the construction of aeroplanes and gas-masks. Tinned goods factories have been working in three shifts night and day, ostensibly for the Italian army. It was these assets which determined the attitude of the Austrian representative at Geneva. But Austria realizes that these are merely temporary advantages, for her basic general economic condition is still unsound. There is not the slightest sign of an increase in the purchasing power of the community. Notwithstanding the clumsily doctored official statistics, unemployment is not diminishing. The peasants are groaning under their load of taxation. The middle-classes are still slipping down the inclined plane. Such tests as social insurance, savings bank deposits and things of that sort coincide in showing that, though a few highly-centralized and partly-foreign owned industries are active, the Austrian economic level remains dangerously low.

Dangerously because in the long run internal politics depend upon economics. The Government's strength has ebbed progressively during the latter months of 1935. Six months ago it was a fairly safe postulate that the present regime, although fiercely opposed by about 80 per cent. of the population, had a chance of survival because these 80 per cent. were split into two hostile parties of roughly equal strength: the National-Socialists and the so-called "Reds"—these latter being further divided into factions of irreconcilable Communists and militant Socialists.

Recent months witnessed a gradual shifting of these political forces. The Nazis lost ground heavily; partly because of the proclaimed non-success of the German experiment and partly

because of the incapacity and alleged corruption of the local Nazi leaders. Thus the Austrian Nazis became fundamentally demoralized. Thousands of them either lapsed into political inactivity, or in disgust threw in their lot with the " Reds ". As a political unit the Austrian Nazis became utterly incapable of causing serious overt trouble.

Their enfeeblement obviously meant an augmentation in strength for the " Reds ". The fusion in July, after long and difficult negotiations, of the Communist and the Social Democratic illegal trade union organizations had a tonic effect upon the whole of what is known in popular parlance as " the advanced movement ". The startling but undeniable fact remains that the illegal trade union, in most industrial districts, is much more powerful and makes larger levies than the official trade union formed by the Government, membership of which is an indispensable condition of employment. Men stubbornly refuse to pay their contributions to the Government organization, and in many cases their employers are compelled to pay for them, while they cheerfully find the dues exacted by their illegal unions.

This so-called " Red " unity in trade union affairs has not been without its very potent influence in the political field. It has resulted in closer co-operation between the Communist and the Socialist parties, and it is now acting as a powerful magnet in the case of the Christian working men who hitherto, even in Republican days, have held themselves aloof from the extremist factions. The " Red " leaders have adroitly altered their tactics ; they have now adopted the French *Front Populaire* as their model. They hope gradually and progressively to fuse into one powerful cohesive opposition to the Government the Communists, the Socialists, the " bourgeois " Liberals, the Christian trade unionists, the dissident sections of the old Christian Social Party, and the malcontents who have deserted the Nazi banner. Some part of that programme they realized in the early autumn.

Naturally enough, the Government's position was materially weakened by this transfer of forces within the opposition camps, and Herr Schuschnigg found that he could not hope to continue the old game of playing against each other two equi-powerful antagonistic groups. The divide-and-rule plan looked like

coming to an end. But the Government's situation was also enfeebled by two other important factors : dissension between its component parts and perilous personal antipathies within the Cabinet itself. Before the October *coup d'etat* the Government forces, small as they were, comprised groups with varying aims, jealously watching each other, sometimes even sniping surreptitiously at each other. They were :

(1) The Clerical Group, headed by Chancellor Schuschnigg, with the para-military formation of the *Ost-Märkische Sturmscharen* as its main buttress, and with Cardinal Innitzer and the Vatican in the background.

(2) The Fascist Group, led by the Vice-Chancellor, Prince Starhemberg, its stand-by being the *Heimwehr*, with Signor Mussolini as its inspiring ideal.

(3) The Christian Democratic Group, with the *Freiheitsbund* (which the Government did not succeed in abolishing) and the Christian trade unionists. The leaders, Herr Kunschak and Dr. Winter, are men of high purpose and fine principles, but appear to be lacking in political skill. Popular prophecy avows that this Group is fated to take its position in the projected and partially achieved Austrian *Front Populaire*.

(4) The German National Group, composed of members of the former Agrarian and Great German parties. These people, who although not ostensibly Nazis, have strong affinities with the Nazis, are anti-Italian, anti-Clerical and anti-Democratic. They remained quiescent for a long time, but in August, with the assistance of that untiring German Minister, Herr von Papen, they suddenly re-appeared upon the political stage.

At a secret conference held in Schloss Fischhorn in the Tirol on August 2nd, Herr Rehrl, the Governor of Salzburg, expounded to Chancellor Schuschnigg the demands of this latter group, while Herr von Papen supported the advantages of these demands by making abundant promises on behalf of the Führer. Briefly the demands amounted to this :

(*a*) Permission for the " National Action ", as this group calls itself, to conduct German propaganda openly, instead of secretly, and to raise a para-military force ;

(*b*) Abstention from all anti-German diplomatic activity on the part of the Government ;

(*c*) At a time to be determined, not immediately but in some months, the reconstruction of the Ministry, so as to give it a pro-German character; Herr Schuschnigg, Prince Starhemberg, Berger-Waldenegg, Stockinger and Neustädter-Stürmer to be eliminated and replaced by " Nationally-minded " men. Major Fey was originally included in the list of prospective sacrifices, but he subsequently made his peace with the Nationalists and

was promised the portfolio of War in the proposed new administration. In view of what transpired later, this fact is not without significance. In this contemplated new Cabinet, Herr Gleissner, the Governor of Upper Austria, was scheduled to be Chancellor, while among the Ministers were going to be Herr Rehrl himself, Herr Hüber (who happens to be General Göring's brother-in-law), Professor Sbrik, the Germanophile historian, and State Secretaries Funder and Karwinsky.

Herr von Papen's promises on behalf of his German master included the cessation of all revolutionary activities on the part of the Austrian Nazis and various economic concessions, and finally, large armament orders for Austrian industry. It is credibly recorded that after a violent altercation Herr Schuschnigg broke up the Conference, but it is also to be noted that a few days later his Government began to carry into effect some at least of the things which had formed a part of Herr Rehrl's demands. A press conference was summoned, at which it was stipulated by the Government that the Austrian newspapers for the future must refrain from all criticism of the German leaders and of German institutions. Herr von Rintelen, who had been sentenced for participation in the abortive Nazi rising of July, 1934, was promised early release, and a number of Nazi political prisoners were set free. The " feud in the air " that had for two years embittered Austro-German relations was terminated by an agreement whereby German radio programmes were to be broadcast in Austria and *vice versa*. These are but a few of the many symptoms of the new pro-German breeze which began to blow across the Ballhausplatz. When a London journal subsequently published information along these lines, the Austrian Government confiscated all foreign newspapers which reproduced the report and issued an official denial of a totally different story ! It could not challenge the accuracy of the news of the Fischhorn conference or of the change of policy towards Germany, because the evidence of both was abundant and incontrovertible.

The Government's strength was further impaired by personal factors. Chancellor Schuschnigg, an upright and conscientious man, has been terribly ill-used by fate of late. Within one month he lost both his wife and his mother, and the accident

which proved fatal to his adored spouse gravely affected the health of his little son. Herr Schuschnigg is a deeply religious man, and persuaded himself, so his intimates aver, that this series of tragedies was a sign of Divine displeasure. He was anxious to abandon office, and was only dissuaded from doing so by the exercise of great pressure on the part of President Miklas and Cardinal Innitzer.

Herr Stockinger, the Minister of Commerce, provided a topic of unfavourable comment with the man in the street because of his alleged close association with the important commercial firm of Gabler & Co. That connection may be the most innocent in the world—doubtless was and is—but the distortions of popular gossip, persistently repeated, cast a distinct shadow upon the administration.

But the most extraordinary case was that of Major Fey. This gallant officer is in some respects the dark horse of Austrian politics. He was the head of the Heimwehr in Vienna, but apart from any old-standing imputation of marked Nazi leanings he was more than suspected of intriguing against the supreme chief of the Heimwehr, Prince Starhemberg. Some months ago, Dr. Kreisler, a Viennese lawyer, who now resides in Czechoslovakia, published an elaborate treatise on the circumstances under which Dr. Dollfuss met his tragic end. In it he makes the monstrous charge that Major Fey was privy to the plot which had its unhappy sequel in the Chancellor's assassination by the Nazi Planetta. Major Fey himself declined to bring an action against the author of this unthinkable charge of treachery and political perfidy, but his colleagues in the Cabinet resorted to the amazing procedure of instructing Public Prosecutor Gerö to open an enquiry into the charge, while indicating their belief in his complete innocence by retaining Major Fey in office.

In an ordinary way the foregoing incidents might have been dismissed as merely idle gossip. Unhappily that was not the case here. No chronicle of tendencies and developments in the political life of the Austrian capital would be either faithful or complete that did not register these things and opinions as the firmly-held convictions, not merely of the man in the street, but of solid, sober, cultured people, who pointed to

them as the evidence of the utter lack of cohesion and stamina which characterized the Government.

This, then, was the position early in October. It was a dangerous situation, all the more so since war clouds seemed to be gathering on the European horizon. It was felt that something radical must be done. And suddenly, very unexpectedly, Prince Starhemberg took drastic and swift action.

Prince Starhemberg, the Vice-Chancellor, is a gifted young man who has never been taken seriously enough by his opponents. For that, he himself is partly to blame because he is too much inclined to keep his public and private life in what he conceives to be watertight compartments. The liveliness with which gossip, rightly or wrongly, invests his affair of the heart, detracts from the seriousness of his political standing. But now, and not for the first time, Prince Starhemberg proceeded to turn the tables upon his adversaries. Instead of their ousting him, he ousted them. Major Fey and State Secretaries Funder and Karwinsky—the three members of the Government who were in touch with the Fischhorn Castle conspirators—were unceremoniously removed from office. The other pro-German candidates for power, Gleissner, Rehrl, Hüber and Sbrik, were, of course, in outer darkness. The opportunity was seized to get rid of a Minister, Herr Neustädter-Stürmer, who, although loyal enough, was a source of weakness rather than of strength. The new men appointed were staunch adherents of Prince Starhemberg. There can be no doubt that the Cabinet gained in solidity by the dramatic compulsory reconstruction which it underwent.

But these personal changes are merely symbolical of a new political method. Hitherto the Government had been based upon a conglomerate of conflicting factions and their respective para-military organizations. Now this conglomerate is to be fused into a solid block, and these organizations are to be merged into a national militia. It is as yet too early to say whether the plan will succeed. The reshaped Cabinet still includes two parties—the Clericals under Herr Schuschnigg, and the Fascists under Prince Starhemberg—who have called a truce but are in aims and sympathies far from united. And it may be doubted whether the individual members of the *Freiheitsbund* and the

Ost-Märkische Sturmscharen will alter their political convictions when they doff their distinctive uniforms and exchange them for the uniform of the national militia. Nor does it seem likely that the confirmed Nazis or the obstinate " Reds " will soften or abate their hostilities because the enemy has reorganized his forces.

Be that as it may, the Starhemberg *coup* cannot be lightly dismissed in its repercussions on the internal situation ; and it is certainly of great importance in its international aspects. It is not doing any injustice to Prince Starhemberg's Austrian patriotism to say that he is an enthusiastic follower of Signor Mussolini ; for rightly or wrongly he is convinced that the Mussolini way is the only way, not only for Italy but also for Austria.

The removal of ex-Chancellor Buresch from the Ministry of Finance, which he has administered with great skill and authority, is a sign which he who runs may read. Herr Buresch is a Geneva man, for he knows what the shaky Austrian regime owes to the moral and financial support of the League of Nations. His misgivings regarding Austria's refusal to carry out sanctions made it essential that he should be transferred to a position of less responsibility in a government which is stamped with the Italian hall-mark. The fact that it is so hall-marked raises two questions that in coming months may decisively affect the international situation.

Henceforth, what will be the relations between Austria and the Western Powers which are the main buttress of the League of Nations ?

Of what nature will be Austria's relations with Germany ?

Since under Prince Starhemberg's rule Austria is practically a vassal state of Mussolinian Italy, the answer to the first question depends on the future relations between Italy on the one hand and Britain and France on the other. That at this moment rests in the lap of the gods.

The answer to the second question depends partly upon the answer to the first. But there are signs and portents. The military power of Germany has increased enormously, is increasing, and is likely to go on increasing. Italy looks like having her hands full in East Africa for a quite indefinite period. The

Duce's declaration that, whatever happens in Abyssinia, he will still have abundant men for the Brenner was received with mild scepticism in Vienna. The much-talked-of Danubian Pact is still only in the discussion stage. The relations between Italy and the Western Powers, in whose combined action Austria saw her surest guarantees, are anything but harmonious today. The line of least resistance is shifting. Herr von Papen is not slow in pointing out how it is shifting. He dangles before the eyes of a discontented Austrian population a German policy of benevolence which would, under a camouflaged pro-German Administration, act as a bridge between Rome and Berlin and as the cement in a new Central European block, composed of Germany, Poland, Hungary, Italy, and Austria.

These may be but phantasmagorical dreams of the gentlemen in the Wilhelmstrasse, but these same gentlemen have a knack of plodding away and repeating their dreams so insistently that they end up by becoming threatening realities.

Prince Starhemberg's energetic October *coup* was directed ostensibly against German intrigues. But he cannot afford to ignore the changing situation. And the fact that he refuses to open the door of the Ballhausplatz to Nazi or German-minded politicians is no bar to his working with Germany in the field of foreign policy. After all, he is caught in the Italian entanglement. For Italy's sake he risks estrangement from the League and the Western Powers. But in the long run Italy cannot stand alone, and in Prince Starhemberg's personal entourage—to say nothing of that of Herr Berger-Waldenegg, the Minister of Foreign Affairs—there are influential voices belauding the desirability of allowing Austria to become a bridge between Berlin and Rome. Prince Starhemberg would not be true to his own cherished political convictions were he to reject the idea that Austria should become the cementing force binding together a mighty block of Fascist States: Italy, Germany, Hungary, and possibly Poland. That way lies danger ahead—danger for the peace of Europe.

And here we touch the vital lesson of the Austrian experiment. The League and the Western Powers for several years past have kept on pumping the oxygen of financial and moral support into an almost moribund Austria in an attempt to give the

present makeshift regime a semblance of life. At the first test the futility—nay, the danger—of this policy is becoming evident. From the Western point of view the present Austrian state is a hollow sham. It has neither the cohesion requisite to take a decision nor the strength necessary to carry a decision into effect. Even with the comparatively resolute Prince Starhemberg at its head, it will take the line of least resistance, and that line is to remain pro-Italian while becoming also pro-German. Austria is a gate. The moment that gate is open, the cohorts of German militarism will pour through it and through Hungary and the Balkans, and knock imperiously at the door of the Orient. That means a recurrence of the 1914 situation with all its tragic consequences. If—which Providence forbid !—things should take this course, those statesmen will have to take the blame and the overwhelming responsibility who failed to distinguish between Austria and the existing Austrian regime. An Austrian monarchy, an Austrian parliamentary republic, or any form of Austrian State that is based upon the support of the Austrian people would be a guarantee of European peace. But an Austrian regime that has roots neither in history nor in the nation, that is obviously adrift, that is compelled by inexorable circumstances to adopt the line of least resistance, that has neither stamina, nor political, nor industrial, nor economic strength, is and remains a positive danger to European harmony and international order.

TOWARDS A NATIONAL FOOD POLICY

By L. F. Easterbrook

FOUR years ago the nation set out upon an adventure The object was to rebuild our agricu ture, welding it into an efficient machine to meet present-day conditions, and to re-establish home food production in its rightful place of second to none. Three main roads towards this end were laid down: the National Mark (of which the foundations already existed) to set up standards of quality; the Marketing Acts, to give a scattered farming community the cohesion it has always so badly needed; and quotas and tariffs—particularly quotas—to give the home industry room in which to gather its energy to spring forwards. These roads have lain over uncharted ground for the most part, and so naturally the engineers have made mistakes and met unsuspected difficulties. But the work has gone on. Milk and bacon production have increased enormously, we have become practically self-supporting n potatoes, the hop-growers find themselves in a better position than they have ever known before. Whatever may be said about milk and pig profits, the organization of these industries has created conditions that have attracted a record output of these commodities and slowly—rather too slowly, perhaps—the quality of their production is improving.

But in advancing towards these desirable ends, fresh vistas have opened up, new lands beyond the line of hills that was to be our objective. We have stumbled upon the discovery and still we are uncertain how to attain it. For it has become evident that organized marketing and increased home production have inherent possibilities for good, of which we did not dream four years ago. It is possible that they may not only make a large contribution to solving the problem of poverty-amid-plenty, but of removing the national reproach of a C 3 population. A succession of events has led to our realization of this. First of all,

by a fortunate coincidence, a series of medical reports has called our attention to the serious amount of malnutrition in our midst, and also to the outstanding dietary value of the things we are most suited to produce—fresh milk and its products, fresh vegetables, fresh fruit. Let us thank our island stars that these happen to fit in the most suitably with our special conditions of soil, climate, small acreage and dense population. Secondly, organized marketing by the Boards has presented very clearly the paradox of dumping surplus potatoes into the sea while people are starving, or selling 1s. 3d. milk at 3½d. for butter-making, when hosts of consumers unable to afford 1s. 3d. would gladly pay at the rate of sixpence or ninepence. The common sense of the man in the street, the only thing that prevents politicians from being as stupid as other experts, has threatened to revolt at such folly, and efforts have had to be made to find a means of meeting his objections.

Thirdly, the farmers, granted a degree of protection they never hoped for four years ago, are very gradually realizing that tariffs and quotas are not enough, and the only hope of expanding their business lies in selling more and better food at the lowest possible prices. The old idea of restoring prosperity to the countryside by forcing people to eat dear and bad food just because it is British is dead today. We know that rather than do this, people will go without. We know also that the policy of forcing up food prices and destroying the remnants of our overseas trade —the policy, in brief, of reducing our standard of living—must ultimately be the most fatal of all possible policies for the English farmer. His need is increased food consumption and a richer population in town and country, who will pay the modest price preference that the best home-grown food merits and obtains.

How great is the scope for increased consumption was indicated by Sir John Orr at this year's meeting of the British Association at Norwich. In his paper he estimated that about 20,000,000 of the population were spending too little on food to protect them against the dangers of malnutrition. To raise the diet of these millions to the required standard would involve an increased consumption of about ten per cent., representing, at retail prices, about £100,000,000 per annum in increased trade. The percentages necessary to bring the consumption up

to that of a family with a weekly income of twenty-five shillings per head would be : milk, 42 ; butter, 27 ; eggs, 28 ; fruit and vegetables, 53.

How far we are from this is revealed by a number of recent investigations into the food habits of the people. One enquiry, covering over 2,000 family budgets, showed that green vegetables were almost unknown in the diet of families in the low-income categories, although a certain amount was spent on roots, such as carrots and onions. But the low consumption of green vegetables is not entirely a matter of income. The Ministry of Agriculture has just concluded an experiment in Bristol and Taunton, where greengrocers were encouraged to exhibit the full range of National Mark vegetables. Purchases rose by 25 per cent. and 20 per cent. respectively. Investigations into milk in all parts of the country agree in showing that fresh milk is regarded as a luxury by the very poor. The larger the family and the more children there are in it, the lower the expenditure per head upon milk. In Nottingham, a comparatively well-to-do city, the average consumption of milk by working-class families with children is 2.9 pints per head per week, and 2.1 pints in poorer class families. In the childless families the corresponding figures are 3.5 pints and 3.4 pints. In the Rhondda Valley, where over half the people derive almost all their income from public funds, the average weekly consumption is 1.65 pints per head. Of 602 households there, only 499 bought fresh milk, and a few did not even buy a milk substitute. When it is remembered that in countries comparable with ours the average weekly consumption is about 7 pints per head, the significance of these figures will be appreciated.

These events have led to the vision of a National Food Policy, designed to bring the greatest possible amount of the right kind of food into consumption. It is still far from realization, but it is coming. For too long the Ministries of Health and Agriculture have sat tight at opposite ends of Whitehall entrenched in their long tradition of non-co-operation. Now the interests of public health and national food production are running too closely in the same track for this to be tolerated any longer. To achieve this end it will be necessary on the health side to obtain more and comprehensive statistics of what the people in this

country are eating, and to what extent and in what particular respects their diet is falling short of the essentials to protect them from the dangers of malnutrition. It will then be easier to see where to concentrate the attack, in which publicity must play an important part. There are at present six publicity campaigns in operation to induce people to eat or drink more of certain foods and beverages, all independent of one another. The time must come, and it may come soon, when there will be a co-ordination of such campaigns, focussed against a more authoritative background. The present method is wasteful and conflicting. National publicity of this kind might well be followed by the less impersonal publicity which the National Milk Publicity Council has been doing so well. This has taken the form of lectures, demonstrations and competitions showing the value of milk and methods of using it. The Council's organizers are carrying this out not only in the big towns, but in practically every village, and the interest taken by rural and urban housewives has been astounding. The same could be done on the broader basis of a national food policy, and this alone, by clearing away the ignorance that is responsible for so much bad housekeeping, might bring the most far-reaching benefits to public health and national agriculture.

On the agricultural side the world has been resorting to the most desperate remedies to bolster up its agriculturists. It has been burning wheat in Canada, destroying coffee in Brazil, slaughtering livestock in the U.S.A., Ireland, and Holland. Exported food surpluses have been subsidized sometimes by starving people in their country of production, and large stocks of unsold food have been accumulating. All this has happened, as Lord De La Warr pointed out at Geneva last September, while there has been no startling increase in the world's total production of foodstuffs. It certainly seems, therefore, that we consume too little, not that we produce too much. In this country we have made two preliminary attempts to find a better way, and with encouraging results. We have introduced cheap milk in schools, and the Potato Marketing Board experimented with the distribution of cheap potatoes to the unemployed of Bishop Auckland. Cheap milk in schools now permits 3,000,000 school-children to drink one-third of a pint of milk per day at

the rate of 1½d. per pint, or about half the normal cost. The distributors deliver it at half their usual charge, and the Milk Board and the Government share the cost of making good to the milk producers the remaining difference. By this method something like 20,000,000 extra gallons of milk a year are being brought into liquid consumption to the benefit of the nation's health and the nation's milk producers. For even if the milk received no Government subsidy, its sale to school-children at the rate of 6d. per gallon to the producer compares favourably with milk sold for butter or cheese making at 3½d. Moreover, it attracts young recruits to the milk-drinking habit who may keep it up in later years.

At Bishop Auckland, unemployed people who produced a stamped voucher from the Employment Exchange were permitted to go to the Potato Board's warehouse with their own containers and purchase limited quantities of potatoes at the rate of 4d. per stone instead of 7d. It was done in co-operation with the retailers, who were compensated at the rate of 1d. per stone of potatoes sold through this channel. The effect on sales was remarkable. Although only one-third of the population were eligible for trading at the Board's warehouse, their purchases exceeded those of the whole population for a corresponding period. Total consumption in the whole area was practically doubled, confuting the old belief that the consumption of potatoes, particularly when prices are low, is very inelastic. The increased consumption did not appear to be at the expense of other food normally bought, but was additional to it. The results of the Bishop Auckland experiment certainly give ground for believing that there is a vast potential consumption that could be tapped by a drastic price reduction, to the national well-being.

These two experiments indicate the general lines of approach towards a happier marriage between national health and agriculture. They certainly suggest the possibility that, even in the farmer's interest, it might be better for the State to subsidize consumption rather than production. But it is important to note the difference between an experiment such as Bishop Auckland, which was to investigate the purely commercial possibilities of drastic price cuts, and a scheme under which food would be sold at a definite loss to certain classes of the popula-

tion, made good to the producers by a subsidy. Bishop Auckland was largely an experiment in applying to agriculture the method of differential prices that is an old-established feature in other industries. Railways, for instance, have different-priced tickets for the same journey for children, workmen, season-ticket holders, week-enders, excursionists and other passengers. The same kind of beer is often sold at four different prices in the same hotel in the lounge, saloon bar, private bar and public bar. Many doctors charge according to the fancied ability of their patients to pay. Dutch milk producers and American apple-growers often send their surplus to England at 1d. per lb. or per gallon above the cost of packing, insurance, and freight.

Along such lines as these lies the true meaning of better marketing. It would repay a Fruit Board, for instance, to take all inferior or damaged fruit off the ordinary market and sell it, under an appropriate designation, at very low prices, for it would improve the sale and reputation of the better fruit and provide an outlet for the remainder. The beef producers could make the same distinction with the large percentage of cow beef that is dragging down the whole trade for home-killed beef. Eggs that are under-sized or contain minor defects could probably be manufactured under a marketing board into liquid eggs to be sold in competition with Chinese, and there must be large quantities of vegetables, perfectly good from a health point of view, better kept out of the normal channels of trade and sold at a low price. There is probably not a single branch of home food production, save cereals and hops, where such things as these could not be done to the mutual benefit of producers, wholesalers, retailers, and consumers.

Side by side with this runs the question of reducing service to the consumer in order to sell at lower prices. The Milk Board is doing this in country districts by making a reduction of 1d. per quart for those who fetch it from the dairy door. But why not similar concessions to urban consumers in poorer districts? And why not extend it to other articles such as bread and meat? The distributor will probably reply that he has to run his van anyhow, and it means little or no saving to him to deliver less food in the same street. But unless he is running his business on far too wide a profit, it should mean much to him that his

turnover should increase. Particularly is this true of meat, where the problem so often is to sell the cheaper cuts. There is scope also for the greater cutting of prices at times of seasonal surplus to bring food into consumption rather than let it go bad or disorganize the market.

All these are examples of cheapening prices of certain classes of foods, or to certain classes of consumers, or at certain times or places merely as a matter of enlightened methods of marketing, and it is interesting to note that a beginning has been made. But there may well prove to be certain instances where a consumer subsidy from the Government might be justified in the interests of public health. Milk for nursing mothers is one. Perhaps one good meal a day for all school children is another, for we would then be starting off a large section of our population on a sound foundation. As with the milk in schools, the State could legitimately demand concessions from the farm marketing boards and the distributors in return for this assured and centralized outlet and a very modest subsidy to ensure to them a modest profit.

Once the value to the producer of expanding food consumption and bringing realized or potential surpluses into use is understood, there is no need to be frightened of bringing some of it into consumption through very low prices. Restriction inevitably tends to put up production costs, while injuring and antagonizing the consumer ; unsold surpluses—actual or potential—have a disastrous effect upon the market. A measure of restriction is obviously required to save us from the disorganization of trade caused by dumped surpluses that ruin those producing them and lead to famine prices later on. But there is a world of difference between markets completely out of control and markets carefully regulated to permit planned production to be scientifically distributed in accordance with the needs and purchasing power of all sections of the community. It is only when the supplies for a reasonable period ahead are an utterly unknown quantity that it becomes impossible to undertake the task of bringing all of them into use.

Little has been said of the shopkeeper's part in such a venture as this. But it is evident that he must play an important one, and if the producer accepts tiresome regulations, adopts modern

methods of organization and salesmanship and sees all his prejudices and traditions turned upside down in the hurly-burly of the new age into which we have all been precipitated, the shopkeeper cannot expect to be left in antique isolation on an island of the past which time does not touch. Lord Linlithgow, who has an unerring instinct on all matters pertaining to marketing, spoke some sensible words on this point at the Grocer's Exhibition last September :

"The individual relationship of the shopkeeper with his customers has much to commend it, much that is fine, much that is worth preserving, but if it is to thrive and to grow in the modern world, it will have to be absorbed in a larger relationship between the trade as a whole and the consumers as a whole. . . . Supposing that Government, any Government, some day comes to you with a request for co-operation in a national policy. Will you simply take up a position of defence and stand on your rights—a very natural attitude on the part of men struggling to earn a living—or will you come forward with constructive proposals, even though your own immediate interests may not appear to be served? For my part, I have no doubt at all of the answer. If the opportunity is given you, I believe you will co-operate fully and willingly with the Government in the future as you have done in the past. But it will mean that the leaders of your industry will have to take big decisions, to face, perhaps, unpopularity, to initiate changes in the organization of your trade that may have far-reaching consequences."

THE CENTENARY OF SAMUEL BUTLER

By St. John Ervine

I

THE centenary of Samuel Butler's birth finds his renown less wide than it was soon after his death, but it finds his reputation as a thinker more assured. Within a year of his death he became widely known as the author of a remarkable autobiographical novel, *The Way of All Flesh*, which had a profound effect on the relations between parents and children, and, as M. Abel Chevalley remarks in his interesting work, *Le Roman Anglais de Notre Temps*, as profound an effect on the English novel. " Si tout s'avouait, une portion de la philosophie et de la littérature dans l'Angleterre contemporaine, et même ailleurs, devrait s'étiqueter : ' d'après Butler,' " says M. Chevalley, who, with pardonable exaggeration, asserts that :

> Quand Samuel Butler mourut, en 1902, à 67 ans, il n'avait jamais connu la grande célébrité. Hors un petit nombre de savants, émus par sa querelle avec Darwin et ses idées sur l'evolution, peu de gens cultivés connaissaient son nom, moins encore ses œuvres. Elles sont étudiées maintenant presque comme des classiques. Une catastrophe sans pareille a sévi pendant six années, durant lesquelles les ouvrages de cet inconnu, de ce méconnu, ne cessaient de s'imprimer, de se réimprimer.

The posthumous publication of *The Way of All Flesh* undoubtedly made Butler's name known to a large number of educated persons who had not previously heard of him or may have known him only as the author of a satire, entitled *Erewhon* (Nowhere), which had enjoyed a small vogue in 1872, a vogue which came to an end when the identity of its author was revealed ; but the great bulk of Butler's work remained unknown even to the cultivated classes.

Erewhon and its sequel, *Erewhon Revisited*, and *The Way of All Flesh* were familiar as household words in the mouths of intellectuals in 1903, but not many people had read or knew of the four notable books on evolution and the Darwinian theory,

or of the critical examination of the story of the Resurrection in *The Fair Haven*, or of the theory Butler put forth with regard to the recipient of the Shakespearean Sonnets. A few classical scholars had heard with amusement of his belief that the *Odyssey* was written, not by Homer, but, four hundred years after Homer's death, by a young woman, with feminist opinions, who figures in the epic under the name of Nausicaa and was a resident in the island of Trapani, off the coast of Sicily, which island, he contended, was the scene of the incidents described in it; and these few did not include many who had read either *The Authoress of the Odyssey* or the vigorous prose translations of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*. The theory was, they maintained, another proof, if any were needed, of Butler's crankiness, and even Mr. Bernard Shaw, who gratefully acknowledged his debt to Butler in the preface to *Major Barbara*, thought, when he heard of it, that it was one of Butler's whims, although he subsequently confessed his conversion to it.

The charming *Alps and Sanctuaries*, which won for Butler the firm friendship of an erudite bishop, Dr. Mandell Creighton, failed to obtain a large circulation, or to make wide renown for its author. Mr. Shaw, in one of those moments of blank imperception which astonish his admirers and friends, asserted that *Alps and Sanctuaries* was "surely the silliest book ever written by a clever man". One pauses, appalled, at the statement, and wonders how Mr. Shaw became inept enough to make it.

The very diversity of his work was responsible, in part, for the lack of appreciation it received. The fact that one man had so many interests and could write about them so well and so wittily caused duller or more concentrated people to suspect him of shallowness, a suspicion which was not supported by Butler's erudition. That he was erudite seems, very surprisingly, not to have been noticed by his critics, who failed, if they were Darwinians, to observe that he had a greater knowledge of the history of the theory of evolution than any of those who, like Thomas Henry Huxley, Grant Allen, George J. Romanes or Ray Lancaster, posed as authorities on it. He was deeply read in the classics, and had a fair knowledge of several modern languages. His knowledge of music, especially of the works

of Handel, was intimate, and was not merely theoretical, for he was a fair executant and could compose. He was a painter of parts, and might, he himself once said, have been a much better one if he had trusted his own perceptions and avoided teachers; and he had a knowledge of painting deep enough to enable him to pass opinions of importance on pictures and to solve baffling problems. He was a theologian and a well-informed student of evolution, able to make points, too often with acerbity, against Darwin himself. And he was the master of an exceptionally fine prose.

II

Butler was born in the rectory of Langar-with-Barnstone, in Nottinghamshire, on December 4th, 1835, and died, in his sixty-seventh year, in a nursing home in St. John's Wood, London, " at about 8.40 " in the evening of June 18th, 1902. He was the eldest of the three sons, and the second of the five children, of the Rev. Thomas Butler, M.A., whose father, Dr. Samuel Butler, was a great lover of the classics, and an administrator of such conspicuous ability that Shrewsbury School, which had one boarder when he was appointed its Headmaster, was the most famous school in England when, in 1836, he left it to become Bishop of Lichfield. Three years after Dr. Butler's translation to this see, he died on his grandson and biographer's fourth birthday. These Butlers were not related in any way to the other renowned people of that name: not to the Bishop who wrote *The Analogy of Religion*, nor to the Samuel Butler who wrote *Hudibras*, nor to the Master of Trinity who, himself a scholar, became the father of a family of scholars. They were Warwickshire yeomen, for the most part, who lived their lives in honourable, if undistinguished, activity until at last they flowered in a schoolmaster-bishop and, again, in the subject of this review. As his immediate relatives profoundly influenced Samuel Butler's life and, through him and his account of it in *The Way of All Flesh*, the lives of a multitude of people, it is necessary to make more extensive reference to them than is commonly made to relatives in brief memoirs.

III

The Rev. Thomas Butler was the youngest child and only son of his famous father. He seems to have had none of the schoolmaster-bishop's ability, nor any of his own son's originality. His mind was rule-ridden and obtuse and inaccessible to new ideas. Canon Butler lived entirely by routine, and was influenced only by persons whose conformity to respectable opinions was in no doubt. Nothing that he ever did was notable, except the begetting of his son, Samuel, and that was a cause of anger and even horror to him for the greater part of his life. He was often mean and unjust in his relations to his son, though he was not impervious to reproof or arguments advanced by those whom he respected, and he could be persuaded to make amends for arbitrary acts. But he was a stupid man, and the effect of his stupidity on the life of the sensitive and original child who was his son was increased for the worse by the coldness of his nature.

To find so dull and dense a person obtruded between two men so brilliant as Dr. Butler and Samuel Butler is to puzzle, if not to baffle, the student of heredity, who may, perhaps, explain the phenomenon by the suggestion that families, like fields, must occasionally lie fallow. Canon Butler was the son and the father of an unconventional man, but he was himself conventional in all he did and said and thought. He did not doubt any established belief, and abhorred those who did. It never occurred to him to suspect the inerrancy of the Scriptures, and the discovery, in his middle age, by which time his opinions were about as fluid as reinforced concrete, that his baffling and disappointing son, who was said by some people to be brilliant, not only had grave doubts of the validity of the book of Genesis, but also held heretical, if not actually blasphemous, opinions on the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, absolutely horrified him. It does not appear that he ever read any of his son's books, except the first, an innocuous work on his life in New Zealand, which Canon Butler had insisted on publishing, or that he would have understood them if he had, but the reports he received of them were sufficient to convince him that his son was an atheist and a blasphemer.

It may be well, at this point, to say that Butler always referred to himself as a Broad Churchman and would today be called

a Modernist. The shock of this discovery to the rural dean of Bingham and prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral may easily be imagined. He knew that there were people who doubted what were to him eternal verities, but he ignored their existence, and it would have been unmannerly to mention them in his presence. The Thirty-Nine Articles were, he thought, scarcely less inspired than the Bible itself, and it must have seemed to him that an evil spirit had invaded his family when he found himself beset by a son who disputed the value of infant baptism and even doubted if Jesus had died on the Cross. He must sometimes have reflected bitterly on the fact that among his father's pupils at Shrewsbury had been a rather dull lad, the son of a well-to-do doctor, who had incurred the headmaster's reproof for wasting his time on nature studies when he might more profitably have been poring over Virgil. This lad's name was Charles Darwin, and he was Thomas Butler's contemporary at Shrewsbury where, indeed, he infected him with a love of botany which he retained for the rest of his life. It was, perhaps, the only passion he ever possessed. This was the Darwin with whom Canon Butler's son was to have a famous quarrel.

Mrs. Butler, to whom the young clergyman was married in 1831, was as warm-natured as her husband was cold. His negative nature, impassive as Prince Albert's, roused in her a devotion intense as Victoria's ; she adored him. He could do no wrong in her eyes, nor, indeed, in his own. This uncontrolled affection for her husband made her an unsatisfactory mother. Assailed by him, her children could not fly to her for protection, and one of the most influential, as it was also one of the bitterest, discoveries of Samuel Butler's young boyhood was the fact that the little confidences he reposed in his mother were immediately betrayed to his father and heavily punished. Canon Butler was congenitally unfitted to be a parent. He disliked children, neither understanding them, nor wishing to understand them. Mrs. Butler and he had consulted a textbook on the training of infants, which was the work of a very respectable person, and since it enforced Solomon's precept that to spare the rod was to spoil the child, they decided to bring up their children on the lines it laid down. It urged the young clergyman to " Break your child's will early, or he will break yours later on ".

Floggings became frequent in Langar Rectory, especially for the shy, sensitive and delicate little lad, Samuel!

The memory of his bleak infancy never faded from Samuel Butler's mind, and almost every reference he makes to his father is one of abhorrence. In his forty-eighth year, when bitter recollections begin to fade from most minds, he wrote a brief account of Canon Butler, who was then seventy-seven years of age. "He never liked me, nor I him", he wrote; "from my earliest recollections I can call to mind no time when I did not fear and dislikehim". There is no need to delve more deeply into the history of Butler's relations with his family; it has been set out, in the form of fiction, by Butler himself in *The Way of All Flesh*, and by his biographer, Henry Festing Jones, in one of the most brilliant Lives in English, and adjusted, not very successfully, by Mrs. R. S. Garnett in her apologia for the Butlers, *Samuel Butler and His Family Relations*, and need not be told at further length. It must be sufficient to say that those who study Butler's books must first study his life: for without its study, much in the works will appear incomprehensible or wilful.

IV

Butler, like Darwin, was intended for the Church, and, like Darwin, went to Cambridge to read for orders, but, like Darwin again, he did not take them. His decision not to become a clergyman was due to a discovery he made while in charge of a lads' club in London. He found that some of the boys were unbaptized, and was horrified to perceive that the baptized were no better, if no worse, than the unbaptized. This discovery shook his faith a little and caused consternation in Langar Rectory when, as a result of it, he declined to be ordained. This was in 1858, when he was twenty-three years of age. It is odd, in view of his after life, that until he had this upsetting encounter with unbaptized boys in a London slum, he had never given any serious thought to the creed he was undertaking to expound and advocate; but now he began to think very seriously about it. He read Dr. Alford, the Dean of Canterbury's, four volumes of notes on the *New Testament in Greek*, and was deeply disquieted by the difference he discovered

in the four gospel accounts of the Resurrection. But he was not yet ready to doubt, much less disbelieve, the foundations of his faith. It had not then occurred to him, or to any of his Cambridge friends who were preparing for ordination, that doubts of their faith *could* be entertained. In the years 1843-6, a Scottish publisher, Robert Chambers, had published anonymously two volumes, entitled *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, in which, very loosely, he had expounded a theory of evolution which was attributed to such different individuals as the Prince Consort and Sir Charles Lyell. The impression it made was faint and did not extend to Langar Rectory. But the peace that then prevailed was the peace before war, the calm before the storm.

In 1859, *The Origin of Species* was published; in 1860, a group of Anglicans, led by Dr. Temple, the Headmaster of Rugby, published *Essays and Reviews*, and were violently assailed by Dr. Wilberforce ("Soapy Sam"), the Bishop of Oxford, who was, a few months later, to be manhandled by Huxley for his attacks on the Darwinian theory; in 1862, Dr. Colenso, the Bishop of Natal, who had, in the previous year, issued *A Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*, in which he expressed his disbelief in eternal damnation, threw the entire episcopal bench into confusion by publishing the first of seven volumes bearing the general title of *The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined*.

It was while these storms were brewing that Butler, already disturbed by the discrepancies he had discovered in the Gospels, realized how little difference there was between the baptized and the unbaptized. The effect of his refusal to be ordained on his father, an orthodox clergyman, the son of a bishop and brother-in-law of two archdeacons, may easily be estimated. Canon Butler was furious, and, after much acrimonious argument, shipped his son off to New Zealand to learn sheep-farming, but with little hope that he would come to any but a bad end. It was in January, 1860, that Butler arrived in New Zealand, where he became popular and so successful that, five years later, he was able to sell his sheep-run for £8,000 and return to London, a comparatively affluent man, to study painting. A copy of the newly-published *Origin of Species* came into his

hands while he was tending his sheep, and he was immediately enthralled by it. His doubts on the validity of the Christian religion had persisted, as a letter to one of his cousins proves, but now his doubts seemed to be resolved : he had found a faith. He wrote a *Dialogue on Species* for *The Press* of Canterbury, New Zealand, which, besides involving him in controversy with the Bishop of Wellington, brought him, for the first time, to the notice of Darwin. A copy of *The Press* had somehow found its way to Down, Darwin's home in Kent, and the naturalist was so much impressed by the *Dialogue* that he sent it to the editor of an unnamed magazine with a suggestion that he should reprint it. On Butler's return to England, he made the acquaintance of Darwin, and became friendly with Darwin's son, Francis. At this period of his life, he had no intention of becoming an author. His ambition was to be a painter, but events were forcing him, almost against his will, to drop the brush and take up the pen. In 1872 he published *Erewhon* anonymously and at his own expense ; it was successful until the secret of its authorship was revealed, when its sales declined by ninety per cent. About this time Butler renewed a friendship he had formed at Cambridge with Henry Hoare, the banker, who recommended him to withdraw his capital from a profitable mortgage in New Zealand and invest it in Canadian companies. Two years after he had done this, the companies crashed and Butler became almost penniless.

V

He now began seriously to be an author, urged to the change of occupation by his friend, Miss Savage, whose acquaintance he had made while studying art. There is no room here to refer to Butler's friendships, but it must be said that Miss Savage was a potent influence in his life. He probably would have been a happier man if he had married her, but his extraordinary susceptibility to physical beauty prevented him from doing so. Miss Savage was corpulent and plain and a cripple. But she was a wise and witty woman, as her letters abundantly prove. It was she who started him on his career as a writer. He had written a pamphlet on the Resurrection while he was in New Zealand, and now he decided to make a book of it. This book,

The Fair Haven, was issued in 1873, and was expected by Butler to make a deep impression. It made scarcely any. Its title did not indicate its contents—most of Butler's titles are poor—and it was too clever by half, so subtly satirical that some of its readers were actually misled into supposing that it supported opinions which it was intended to controvert. The book did Butler much harm, for it made reviewers chary of noticing his subsequent works lest they should be spoofed again. Butler, disappointed and financially embarrassed, began to feel himself an Ishmael, and this feeling was greatly increased when, having studied *The Origin of Species* more closely than he had done in New Zealand, he found himself, a little to his astonishment, in profound disagreement with Darwin. The revolt, at first a friendly one, speedily became bitter; for Butler, excessively sensitive, supposed himself to be ignored by Darwin and derided by the Darwinians because he had dared to criticize the great naturalist's theory.

The first of his four books on evolution was *Life and Habit*. In this work he advanced his belief that species is modified by design, and not, as Darwin argued, by chance. We have become what we are because we wished to be what we are. Butler complained that Darwin had attempted to abolish mind from the universe and to replace it by fortuity. This theme, developed with a wealth of wit and epigrammatic allusion and vivid illustrations, such as his famous statement that a hen is an egg's way of getting another egg, was pursued through three successors to *Life and Habit: Evolution, Old and New: Unconscious Memory:* and *Luck or Cunning?* It developed, unluckily, not only into an attack on the Darwinian theory, but into an attack on Darwin himself, who was accused of ignoring his predecessors, including his own grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, in the discovery of evolutionary ideas, and of doing so for the gratification of his own vanity. It was part of Butler's argument that Darwin, ambitious to be regarded as the discoverer of the theory, deliberately disregarded the works of Buffon, Dr. Darwin, and Lamarck. It is a pity that Butler, driven into this excess by the fury with which he was assailed by some of the Darwinians, allowed himself to become the victim of a persecution mania. He saw himself as the valiant and righteous defender of Darwin's

predecessors, and especially of the derided and neglected Lamarck, against those who were trying to filch their renown and bestow it on Darwin. Darwin ignored Buffon and his grandfather and Lamarck because he did not attach much importance to their theories. The fact is made plain in his *Life and Letters*, but it was unknown to Butler.

If Butler had confined his attacks to Darwin's theory and had refrained from attributing gross motives to him, he might have had more and earlier influence on the evolutionists than he had. Darwin and his defenders were fighting a fierce battle against powerful opponents, and it must have seemed to them that Butler was a renegade. They knew Darwin as a gentle, very kind and courteous man of supreme genius who was doing his work in circumstances of the greatest personal hardship, for he suffered deeply from ill-health. The spectacle of this sick genius struggling against attacks made on him by the most powerful people of his time aroused the devotion, as well as the chivalry, of young scientists who could scarcely fail to feel outraged when, unexpectedly, Butler, who had been one of them, attacked not only the theory, which was legitimate enough, but aspersed the character of Darwin.

But if Butler was in fault for his aspersions on Darwin, Darwin's supporters were in fault, too, for casting aspersions on Butler. They seem to have conspired to treat him as negligible. If they mentioned him at all, they did so only with contempt. Romanes sneered at this painter fellow who dared to write about science. He was, in effect, accused of having obtained his critical opinions from other people and of expressing them as if they were his own unaided beliefs. A German had criticized Darwin's theory in terms similar to Butler's, and it was suggested that Butler had borrowed his language from Professor Ewald Hering without acknowledgment. This was a queer charge to be made by men who knew that Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace had simultaneously reached the same conclusion about the origin of species, but they had received great provocation and may be forgiven for actions that were not always creditable to them.

VI

But in 1903, Butler became renowned almost against his

wish. In that year, his executor, the late R. A. Streatfeild, published *The Way of All Flesh*, although Butler had requested that it should not be published until after his immediate surviving relatives, two sisters, were dead. Streatfeild, eager to have his friend's genius recognized and his fame established, and indifferent to the feelings of two narrowly-pious and elderly women who had, he felt, treated their brother with extraordinary inconsideration and unkindness, issued the novel as soon after its author's death as was feasible, and it instantly made a sensation out of all proportion to its sale, and set a fashion in novel-writing which is only now beginning to fade. The literary revolt of the child against its parents began on the day *The Way of All Flesh* first appeared. There is irony which Butler, a master of irony, would have appreciated, in the fact that the renown he coveted was awarded to him, after his death, not for the books on evolution, not even for his theory of the authorship of the *Odyssey*, but for his autobiographical novel which was begun in 1873 and finished, except for revision, in 1884. It was not quite finished, in the sense that there was a full manuscript available, for the fourth and fifth chapters were missing, but Streatfeild was able to piece them together from notes found among Butler's papers.

The outbreak of the War interrupted the spread of Butler's renown, but it was subsequently accelerated, not only by the publication of Henry Festing Jones's fine biography of him, but by the publication of his Notebooks and Collected Essays. A very handsome Collected Edition of his works was issued by Mr. Jonathan Cape. In spite of these facts, however, and of the unabated interest in *The Way of All Flesh* and, in a smaller degree, *Erewhon*, and its sequel, *Erewhon Revisited*, Butler is still an author in search of a public.

VII

His defects as an author are many and transparent. He was not a novelist, but an essayist, and therefore *The Way of All Flesh*, in spite of its quality and its influence, bears so prominently the signs of amateurishness in its composition that even uncritical people who read it perceive that it is deficient in skilled craftsmanship. He was inclined to harp on one string at too

great length, and the books on evolution are, for that reason, occasionally tedious or, rather, tiresome. The reader is made to feel impatient by the repetitions and by the frequent tirades against Darwin, even when he feels that Butler has a grievance. His persecution mania sometimes rendered him humourless and made him appear petty-minded. On the other hand, he sincerely believed, and had some warrant for believing, that the Darwinians were deliberately unjust to him, and that they tried either to deny him a hearing or to cast aspersions on his intellect and his honesty. Thomas Henry Huxley, who, says Sir William Thistleton-Dyer, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "never thoroughly grasped the Darwinian principle", was guilty to a large extent of the effort to belittle Butler and to treat him as a man of no consequence, a guilt which is not reduced by the fact that Huxley's attitude towards Darwin was one of awe and reverence. The vanity of valetudinarians is immense, and Darwin and Huxley were both sick men. Darwin, who is thought by some of those who were critical of his theories to have been both vain and touchy, was skilful in flattering men such as Huxley who were extremely susceptible to flattery; and it has to be said that Darwin was not entirely the simple and innocent-minded man that his admirers sometimes assert he was. Butler's wrath against Darwin was provoked by an incident which has never been explained in the sense of clearing Darwin of complicity in an attempt to humiliate Butler. The incident is not important enough to warrant extensive reference to it now, but it did Butler great harm in the eyes of all who heard of it, and it certainly made him seem to be a man of little or no substance in science. Butler had reproached Darwin for ignoring the work of his grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, and Darwin, stung, perhaps, by the reproach, induced a German, Dr. Ernst Krause, to write a life of his grandfather. There were serious discrepancies between the English and the German versions of the book, and Butler charged Darwin with manipulating the English version to his disadvantage and disrepute. The quarrel was furious, although Darwin himself took little part in it, and it obviously embittered Butler. The attempts to exculpate Darwin from any deliberate attempt to treat Butler in a scurvy manner all ignore the important fact that Darwin wrote to Dr. Krause,

sending him a copy of Butler's *Evolution, Old and New*, and requesting him not to "expend much powder and shot on Mr. Butler, for he really is not worthy of it. His book is merely ephemeral". A nod was as good as a wink to Dr. Krause who, flattered by Darwin's attention, made no bones about attacking a nobody like Butler. It is possible that Darwin thought Butler unimportant; it is certain that Dr. Krause was willing to think him unworthy of much attention, since Darwin had so described him; but a judge, examining the evidence in this matter, could scarcely escape from the conclusion that a more scrupulous genius than Darwin would not have given Dr. Krause such a lead. Other Butlerian theories, such as that on the authorship of the *Odyssey*, are now received more seriously than when they were originally propounded. Mr. B. Farrington, in a small, but erudite work entitled *Samuel Butler and the Odyssey*, says:

> I believe that Samuel Butler proved his theory, "that the *Odyssey* was written entirely at, and drawn entirely from, the place now called Trapani on the West Coast of Sicily, alike as regards the Phaecian and the Ithaca scenes", and I believe, further, that his theory, "that the poem was entirely written by a very young woman, who lived at the place now called Trapani, and introduced herself into the work under the name of Nausicaa, though not in its nature equally susceptible of demonstration", is true.

Mr. Farrington ends his Preface to his book with these words:

> It would follow from the truth of these two propositions that Butler's *The Authoress of the Odyssey* is the most important book on the *Odyssey* that has ever been written. This also I believe.

His theological works have been surpassed in audacity by those of contemporary clerics, but *The Fair Haven* cannot be ejected from its place among the pioneering works which seek to complete the work of the Reformation by removing all traces of superstition from the Christian faith.

Butler himself will not take a place among Englishmen of supreme genius, nor even among the men of great genius, but he fills a high place among ordinary men of genius and might have filled a higher if he had concentrated his thoughts more than he did. That place will, as time goes on, become increasingly apparent to his countrymen.

BATA AND WORKSHOP AUTONOMY

By Robert Machray

IN 1894 a young Czech cobbler named Thomas Bata set up for himself in business in a small and obscure village of Moravia, now part of Czechoslovakia. Three years ago all the world learned that he had crashed to death in an aeroplane accident when going to inspect a branch shoe factory in Switzerland. For today " Bata ", the rationalized boot and shoe organization which he founded at the age of eighteen, is much the largest and most flourishing undertaking of its kind in existence, with a capitalization of millions of pounds.

But it is not of the prodigious growth of the Bata concern that I wish to write here. As one of the " romances " of industry it does not, of course, stand alone in these days of Fords and Levers. Far more interesting to study is a development which has a social, or rather sociological, significance. This is what has come to be known as the Bata system of workshop autonomy, by which Thomas Bata, a shoemaker by trade and the son of a shoemaker, solved, at any rate for himself and his employees, the problems inherent in the relations of capital and labour. So contented are the workers with their lot under this system that there has never been a strike in any of the factories. It is not surprising perhaps that the International Labour Office at Geneva has issued a booklet to make the system and its social consequences better known. Much may also be learnt about it from Thomas Bata's memoirs, published in a brochure entitled *How I Began* which discloses his own thoughts on the relations of capital and labour and tells how he reached them. I may add, for my own part, that I paid a visit to Zlin, the headquarters of the organization, last autumn, and made myself acquainted with its outstanding features.

It was at Zlin that Thomas Bata started out on his great adventure forty years ago. Lying in one of the shallow valleys

of the Moravian high plateau, Zlin in those days was an out-of-the-way, almost isolated, village. The population of the district and village was about 3,000, and most of the inhabitants were just simple, illiterate peasants. There were no industries, and it seemed most unlikely that there ever would be any of importance. Here it was that the Bata family carried on the modest handicraft of shoemaking. What a change has come over the scene since then. Grown out of all knowledge, the village has become a city, with more than twelve times the population it had when Thomas set up on his own account. His people have erected a memorial to him—a striking and original sort of building mostly of glass—but Zlin itself is his monument. *Circumspice!* Many buildings, some of impressive size, fill both sides of the valley, and extend far beyond it on the west, where other Bata Zlins, but under different local names, are rapidly springing into busy life.

Much of what Thomas Bata planned and actually achieved can be seen at a glance by anyone who will ascend to the immense flat roof of the eight-storeys-high hotel called " Spolecensky Dum ", or Community House, and thence proceed to " view the landscape o'er ". Like nearly everything in Zlin, the hotel is owned and run by the Bata company, who will provide a guide on request for the purpose of pointing out the various sights—the " factory ", which apparently is not confined to the huge structure bearing that name, the Bata Memorial, the Social Welfare Institute, and Bata shops, stores, restaurants, schools, hostels, clinics, gymnasia, cinema—in all, a tremendous spectacle. Its effect is certainly not lessened by the extensive areas on which stand the hundreds on hundreds of homes built for the married workers and their families by Bata. Expressed in terms of boots and shoes, the result of all this prodigious development is the daily production in Zlin of 165,000 pairs during a week of five days, work not being done on Saturdays except in very special cases, and never on Sundays. The vast majority of Bata employees have two days off every week, and there are ample sports grounds and other means of recreation, both mental and physical, provided for all of them. This goes some way, it must be admitted, to express the result of the Bata business in terms of human happiness as well as of boots and shoes.

As all this literally stupendous ensemble in Zlin came out of the fertile brain and skilful hands of Thomas Bata (for his successors are merely carrying on according to plan) it is perfectly plain that he was far from being an ordinary man. Indeed, in his own line and way he was a genius. Bata was a mechanic and inventor by nature, but he added to these gifts that of being a born leader of men, with an organizing and controlling forcefulness that had in it something of the quality of statesmanship. He has given an account of his parentage and early struggles in the book of memoirs already mentioned. When only 15 he broke away from his father, went to Vienna, and opened a workshop in the house of some relatives in one of its suburbs, but the venture failed, and he returned home to become a travelling salesman again. Tiring of small, local markets he went, when 16, to Prague, where he discovered new selling methods, which, he said, meant for his business "as much as the discovery of America for Spain". Two years afterwards he set up for himself, with a brother and sister as partners. The result of their first year's making and trading in boots and shoes was their virtual bankruptcy, with debts amounting to £800, which was ten times their capital, and which they were unable to pay.

Never was there a more unpromising start, but, as things fell out, it was the making of Thomas Bata. The failure had been due chiefly to their neglect of business while trying to ape their social superiors. How the fear of bankruptcy affected Thomas is worth giving in his own words, because they explain a good deal of his subsequent success:

> I was face to face with bankruptcy, stark and real, and my hair began bristling with the terror of it. I saw that to fail so ignominiously was equivalent to dying, yet I very much wanted to live. My hankering after physical existence was as strong as my aversion to moral extinction. The fine which I imposed on my body and on my life, in the shape of sheer hard work and renunciation of life's many amenities as an atonement for the irresponsibilities of our first year of independence, furnished me with the guarantee that I would never again let things come to such a pass.
>
> There was no bankruptcy after all. Seeing me turn over a new leaf, so to say, our creditors did not insist on prompt settlement, and some of them remain to this day staunch friends of mine. I managed to pay off all our debts within the space of two years.

That sharp experience proved its value when in 1922 there was a money crisis in Czechoslovakia, because of the Government's

revaluation of the crown, and many firms were involved in serious difficulties. Competitors and other enemies spread abroad rumours that Bata was bankrupt, and Thomas replied that this was not, and could not be the case for two reasons. The first was that he had been brought up in an old-world atmosphere where a bankrupt was regarded as a dishonest person. The second was that while still only a lad he had learned how to overcome an incipient bankruptcy. His determination to pay off his creditors led him not only to work extremely hard himself, but to his becoming exceedingly expert in every phase of the manufacture and salesmanship of boots and shoes. He even went to the United States for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the latest developments of the trade in that country and, to enable him so to do, he found employment as an ordinary workman in one or other of its factories, then supposed to be the best equipped in the world.

In 1922, as already noted, the Czech crown had been revalorized and stabilized—at about twice the value it had had before—and the immediate result was a financial panic in Prague and throughout Czechoslovakia, with a heavy fall in home prices. The Government appealed to the manufacturers, and sought to show them that their losses were apparent rather than real, and that the increase of business that would follow the fall would more than compensate them for their sacrifices. Thomas Bata was the first to appreciate the soundness of this reasoning. At the height of the crisis he suddenly announced a reduction of 50 per cent. in his selling prices to the public ; and if this was accompanied by a reduction of 40 per cent. in the wages of his workers, that, in its turn, was offset by a simultaneous reduction of 50 per cent. in the prices of the necessaries of life supplied to them in his shops. His rivals and others condemned his action and prophesied his downfall ; but they soon decided to follow his lead once they saw how the public rallied wholeheartedly to his support. Bata again reorganized his whole undertaking, and introduced his system of autonomous workshops, which constituted his specific contribution towards solving the capitalist-worker problem, and in itself was a vital and fundamental achievement. He relied on it, with a confidence that was not misplaced, to establish the desired relationship between himself, as head,

and his workers, as sharers, in a form of co-operation based on the identity of their interests, immune from all industrial strife, and functioning with the regularity of clockwork.

In his early years Thomas Bata, according to his memoirs, was a " collectivist then and a bit of a Communist, but most decidedly a Socialist ". He regarded capitalist society as " fit for bad people only, with exploiters at one end and sluggards at the other ". He dreamt of the simple life as preached by Tolstoy, and thought of buying a small farm and sowing just sufficient to supply the everyday needs of himself and family ; if he required a new hoe, it was to be " produced in a communal, socialistic factory, as depicted in Zola's *Toil* ". After he had a few workers in his employ his views began to change. He observed how these people depended on him for their daily bread. It was to *him* they looked, and he asked himself what were they to do pending the arrival of that " vaunted collectivist state, of some kind of socialist dispensation ". It was then he began considering the possibilities of co-operative trading or work, but was discouraged by remembering the experiences he had had in co-operating with his own brother, when all kinds of work were discussed, but none ever got done. Of this he wrote :

> I saw plainly that I should not be able to co-operate even with my brother, unless he recognized to the fullest possible extent my right to the last word ; accordingly I made out an agreement embodying my right to that effect, and my brother fully agreed to it. I was wondering how things would turn out in a company which pursued the policy of distributing all its profits among its partners. Where, in such circumstances, would we find the money to buy the steam power plant which was essential ? There seemed to be no way out of that dilemma. There was nothing for it but that I should remain at my post, that I should become what I myself had previously considered in my ignorance the hated factory owner, the exploiter, the slave driver, if I were to be able to serve my people well and truly. That victory once won, there came the 8 h.p. steam engine, the steel-bodied assistants, and the first real factory building.

Yet it is on co-operation, though in a novel form, that the Bata system is founded and works to admiration. But it is co-operation under a perfectly independent leadership and control which always has the last word in the management. In reality Thomas Bata was a dictator, but of an extraordinarily high intelligence for his particular object, which was to increase the output of his workers to the greatest possible extent. He made

no claim to be a philanthropist, and in 1924, when initiating his system, he told his operatives that his reason for giving them a share in the profits was not that he thought he ought to " distribute charity to mankind "—his aim was to raise the level of production, with the result that the higher the level the larger the profits.

But the system has a great deal more in it than the sharing of profits with the workers. Its underlying principle is the transformation of the workers' mentality by turning them from simple wage-earners into collaborators, imbued with *esprit de corps* as well as a special kind of team spirit. To ensure success to his technical organization, he called psychology to his aid, and replaced individual by collective effort, but in a particular way. The workers were formed into small, autonomous groups, each a team in itself, and each out to do its best in friendly rivalry with the other teams ; while all of them worked together in striving to get the utmost out of time and material for the greater profit of themselves as well as of Bata. This is the system to which its creator gave the name of workshop autonomy, and he applied it, with some variations, to the entire undertaking. Thus, the hospital, shops, restaurants, hotel and the cinema were as autonomous as the actual workshops ; today in the Zlin establishment there are 660 of these autonomous units.

The point has been made that this system is much less a social experiment than a measure of industrial organization which aims at securing the maximum output from man and machine. But while this is true the fact remains that it has proved a success in both fields, and it is this that has attracted the intense interest, not only of business men, but of sociologists, all over the world. In a short article it is impossible to go into details of the system or of the business as a whole, but some significant features should be noted. It may be taken for granted that if the system gave ever-increasing profits to the workers, the lion's share went to Thomas Bata in his day, and now goes to his successors at the head of the concern. His and their policy, however, has been not to take out their profits, but to use them for the further extension of the undertaking and its amenities in Zlin and elsewhere, thus showing their abounding confidence in its stability and growth to their workers. As a further inducement, the

workers receive ten per cent. interest on all of their profits they choose to leave in it. They have taken advantage of this to such an extent that the amount thus fructifying now stands at upwards of 150 million Czechoslovak crowns, or at present rates of exchange, a good deal more than a million pounds. Thomas Bata introduced this savings arrangement between himself and his people for psychological and not financial reasons, but it is obvious that the Bata workers have a very real stake in the enterprise.

As the workers' incentive is, in plain terms, just gain, the question arises whether the general effect on them is good or bad. Certainly " life is real, life is earnest " at Zlin, but as certainly it is not grim. For five days of a working week of forty hours everyone works hard, and there is no slackening of the pace. Workers whose carelessness or illwill reduces the output of their unit are reprimanded and, if necessary, eliminated by their own mates. In the making of boots and shoes no machine has yet been invented that can carry out the whole operation automatically, as is the case in the textile industry, and much has still to be done by hand. According to his nature and aptitude an operative may work quickly or slowly, but not in the Bata workshops, for in them every man has to maintain a fixed high percentage of speed, and is all the time " on his toes ". To acquire the requisite *tempo* a long period of special training is needed, and schools are provided for that purpose. The result is best seen in the " conveyors ", with the machines and tools of various sorts worked in connection by hand. A conveyor consists of a series of box-like, open compartments containing boots or shoes in progressive stages, and it keeps on moving like an endless chain at the predetermined rate. The number of workers on these conveyors varies according to the kind of boot or shoe ; 40 men produce, if that is the right word, ladies' fashion shoes on that type of conveyor, while 70 men are needed on the heavy footwear type. In both cases each of the men has his definite job, which must be completed properly while the conveyors move remorselessly on at the Bata speed. All the details of the work at the conveyors are adjusted with the utmost care, and each workshop has spare staff and spare machinery at its command, failures or faults of whatever kind being immediately remedied.

Everything is done that can be done to prevent any slowing or break in the *tempo*, which, however, does not appear to impose any particular strain on the workers—they are very keen, and no doubt the training helps them. A highly efficient Medical Department deals with accidents and illnesses ; the maintenance of a clean bill of health for the workers is implicit in the Bata system.

At present the Zlin undertaking has about 23,000 employees, male and female, and there has never been any difficulty in getting fresh recruits, practically all of whom come from peasant families living in the surrounding districts, and naturally anxious to better themselves. They come at a comparatively early age, and begin as apprentices, earning a wage adequate for their keep and clothing, with some pocket money. They are given both a technical and a general education. Apprenticeship was always one of Thomas Bata's main preoccupations. Obliged by Zlin's remoteness from all industrial centres, and by his own manufacturing methods, to train most of his workers himself, and needing more and more workers as business increased, he took great pains to devise ways and means to meet the situation, first by providing hostels for the housing of apprentices, and next by making considerate rules for their governance. Today there are two enormous hostels, one for boys and the other for girls, and each housing 2,500 ; the entrance age is 14, and the course covers three years. At the end of each year the apprentices are free to leave, but voluntary departures are rare, for the prospects are attractive. They know well by the end of the third year what lies in front of them, their field of choice, which ranges over the whole establishment, being determined by the aptitudes each of them has shown and developed during the period of training. Besides, they have become perfectly familiar with the Bata system, and they need not come under it unless they choose—but they do so choose almost without exception.

The great development of the Zlin enterprise has taken place since 1924, and most, by far, of the workers have been trained as apprentices in the establishment : it is this that explains what all observers cannot help noticing, namely, how very small is the number of elderly people employed—there are no old people at all. Since then the opportunities of the workers have vastly increased. Zlin no longer makes boots and shoes alone ; rubber

came naturally enough into that industry, and Zlin now produces all kinds of rubber goods from tyres to toys, and with the making of tyres has come the making of motor cars. Zlin goes even a step farther, for today it is making aeroplanes in a nearby branch factory in Batov, a name which sufficiently suggests its origin. Nor are these all the opportunities, for the big branch factories in France, Holland, Germany, Poland, Switzerland, Yugoslavia, England, and India are constantly calling for more and more workers, and part at least go from Zlin, though the idea is that in time the operatives shall consist entirely of the locally-trained nationals of the country in which each factory is situated.

FALLEN ANGELS

By Francis Watson

ON September 28, 1917, T. E. Hulme was killed in action near Nieuport. If he were living now he would still be under fifty, and presumably at the height of his philosophic powers. He would have proceeded, one may be certain, to a more satisfactory assessment of the temper of his age than that which was adumbrated in *Speculations*, where, dividing European history into two neat sections, he wrote: "The first of these historical periods is that of the Middle Ages in Europe—from Augustine, say, to the Renaissance; the second from the Renaissance till now. The ideology of the first period was religious, of the second, humanist. The difference between them is fundamentally nothing but the difference between these two conceptions of man. . . . It is possible to show, I think, that all thought since the Renaissance, in spite of its apparent variety, in reality forms one coherent whole".

Hulme's distinction, as arbitrary as the line drawn from pole to pole by Pope Alexander VI to apportion the newly discovered territories, has become sufficiently popular to inspire two widely-held views of our contemporary position. "We have come to the end of the Renaissance", cries one party, and the other answers: "The birth-pangs of a new Renaissance are upon us". Substantiation of either claim would be speciously easy, and may be avoided for that reason. But while Hulme was speculating Santayana, too, was holding a moistened finger to the winds of doctrine, wondering which would "gather force . . . and carry the mind of the coming age steadily before it". It may be ambitious, but it is nevertheless tempting, to feel that Æolus has now declared himself.

Once the colour of a past age has been established, we are as eager as any *pointilliste* painter to split it up into its com-

ponents and dwell with loving care upon isolated points of light. Bliss was it in that (or any) dawn to be alive, and we forget that dawn would be a poor affair without the implicit assurance that it is a prelude to high noon. We almost expect the sense of being the precursor of Leonardo and Newton to have warmed the shivering body of the Neolithic hunter, and there are times when the romantic mood compels us to envy the humble citizen who might have seen Savonarola burned at the stake, or watched Cabot set sail from Bristol, or read the Theses of Luther on the church-door at Wittenberg, or looked up at Michelangelo on the scaffolding in the Sistine Chapel. It is reasonable, therefore, failing an obliterating cataclysm, to expect a like envy from future generations for those who saw Blériot fly the Channel, or walked the streets of Cambridge while the atom was being split, or wielded spades at Ur with Leonard Woolley, or sat with James Joyce at a café-table in Paris. If I go on to place in such a category of enviable contemporaries those who had ringside seats at Olympia in 1906, when the Russian Lion threw the Terrible Turk for the second time, let it be understood that this apparently frivolous instance is adduced only for the purposes of argument. It suggests itself, first of all, because the spectators of that contest were watching, whether they knew it or not, the triumph of perfectly co-ordinated animal impulses over heavier and highly-developed physique, of intuition over experience ; and secondly, because what George Hackenschmidt has been doing since he retired with the scalp of Madrali and many another Goliath is not only rather odd in itself, but is also pertinent to the present issue.

It is as easy to over-estimate the value of the study of the physical basis of life to which George Hackenschmidt has devoted the past fifteen years as it is to dismiss it with a shrug as an instance of brawn having a dig at brain. It is unlikely that the book in which he has embodied his findings* will receive very wide attention from a public already gorged with popularized science and up-to-date cosmogonies. For Hackenschmidt, though he has laboriously produced something which has to be labelled a philosophy, is not a philosopher. His

* *Man and Cosmic Antagonism to Mind and Spirit.* By George Hackenschmidt. (Universal Publications, Limited.)

nature strenuously and inevitably resists the philosophic attitude, and only a situation in which intellectual contacts are more potent than any other has forced him to express the lower centres of the brain through the language of the higher. He would, however, provide admirable material for a philosopher's case-book, and it is thus—personal considerations apart—that I like to regard him.

Those who wish to regain the intuitive life of children and animals, declared Bertrand Russell in his sceptical examination of Bergson, " ought to return to running wild in the woods, dyeing themselves with woad and living on hips and haws ". George Hackenschmidt does not dye himself with woad, but on his little estate near Aspremont, in the Alpes Maritimes, where I recently spent several weeks with him, he lives in a fashion which those who believe in natural virtues might be disposed to call ideal. His still magnificent physique (he is not above middle height, but he has a chest measurement of fifty-two inches) is sustained in constant vigour by a light diet consisting largely of uncooked vegetables. He rises at seven or earlier, works through the heat of the day on his property, and retires soon after ten o'clock. But any kind of regimentation, even the regularity of a prescribed way of health, is abhorrent to him. Without ever having heard of T. S. Eliot he is prepared to echo the chorus : " There is no help in those who march in step ". He eats when he is hungry, rests when he is tired, and speaks his mind on all occasions. A tendency to self-contradiction naturally accompanies this latter trait, for his reliance upon memory is so unusually slight that although he easily recalls isolated incidents in his early life, he did not know, after more than ten years' residence in France, the cost of posting a letter there. What memory he has, that is to say, is not consecutive or cumulative, so that his actions and attitudes are based as little as possible on previous knowledge or experience. The ideal of living in and for the moment, meeting every situation spontaneously as it arrives, has, of course, been put forward by many of the great teachers of personal creeds, but it is rare to find anyone following these precepts so closely as Hackenschmidt is able to do in his remote village. That gives some illustration of what I mean by saying that he might provide the material

for an investigator more intellectually posited than he allows himself to be.

If it were not for Hackenschmidt's unwillingness to relate his own work to that of other men (he has read, on his own calculation, not more than thirty books in his lifetime), and to accept as relevant anything which has previously been expressed, he might have found in the book of Ecclesiastes an excellent text for his metaphysic. " God hath made man upright ", said the preacher, " but they have sought out many inventions ". This primordial condition of uprightness Hackenschmidt has named the state of Truth-Absolute, wherein " man represents a cosmically dominated psychical entity, expressing perfect harmony and symmetry ". From this state of almost abstract entity he traces a decline through three subsequent states. In the state of Truth man " represents a dualism of the psychical and the physical ", and must constantly remedy, out of his own intrinsic resources, a recurrent inequality with his environment. With the further decline to the state of Apparent Truth, his intrinsic resources are no longer sufficient to re-establish equality, and he begins to have recourse to compensations—the " many inventions " of Ecclesiastes—which accumulate into the whole complicated structure of civilization. And in the last lamentable state of Untruth, which man is held to be dangerously approaching at the present time, all intrinsic qualities have disappeared and the only equation with environment is the false one obtained by total submission to dogma and theory—religious, political, or scientific.

At first glance, and inevitably under the stress of such a telescoping as is necessary here, Hackenschmidt's system may well appear sophistical. But without seriously criticizing either premises or deductions it is possible to see that this man, whose opinions on physiology can scarcely be negligible, is taking in his own way the hurdles which others of whom he has never heard have been patiently endeavouring to circumvent. In his attempt to readjust the balance of man's animal existence he has perhaps added only another weight to his already top-heavy brain. But the intention is there. In Hackenschmidt's conversation one catches at times the echo of a less mystical D. H. Lawrence, seeking salvation in the " dark, abdominal within " ;

at others it might be Keyserling interpreting in a different language his " telluric impulses " ; and often enough it is the voice of Krishnamurti, who, having renounced the world-wide organization of Theosophy and all that it might have meant to him, bids the individual find truth by releasing the mind from all burdens of memory and allowing it to appreciate spontaneously the present moment. One remembers then that Krishnamurti can find whenever he wants it an audience of ten thousand. The voice that calls us back from reason to intuition is not a voice crying in the wilderness.

The cause of man's decadence from his former state of instinctive perfection, as put forward by Hackenschmidt, is the contamination of his cell-system, first by improper nourishment and later by toxins. Whether this attribution would survive the scrutiny of a biologist does not matter here. The point is that the whole system stands or falls by the idea of regress rather than progress. To George Hackenschmidt we are fallen angels, removed from grace by clear stages of accelerating decline. Our bodily cells are contaminated from birth as though by Original Sin. The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge has poisoned us. One might multiply the religious images that recur to the mind as the Hackenschmidt landscape unfolds before the view, and yet religion, within his frame, occupies a position with political dictatorship as a product of man's helpless degeneracy. It is plain that to him religion implies an imposition from without rather than an impulse from within. It is just another of what he calls compensations, and Krishnamurti calls crutches for the weak. " Keep your compensations or your crutches ", say both of them, " as long as you require them—but begin at once to learn to dispense with them ". It is a view in which eschatological dogma and the formalized notion of a more or less anthropomorphic First Cause overshadow everything else. But Hackenschmidt gives us, nevertheless, a First Cause under the name of Cosmic Rhythmic-Energy. Divorced from theology, philosophers have for some time been busy finding new names for the deified Logos—Schopenhauer's Will, Spencer's Unknowable Force, Bergson's Elan Vital. If the Reformation did nothing else it has served to expand our vocabulary.

But that is by the way. Whatever Hackenschmidt and other exponents of the intuitive way of life understand by religion, they are leading us, one way or another, to the *kind* of thought which Hulme, in the passage that I have quoted, called religious. And when we look beyond, to contemporary trends in Western philosophy, to the growth of interrelated esoteric cults, to the despair of the older sciences and the adventurous eagerness of the younger, we may indeed be persuaded to feel that the ice of reason is at last receding, and that what once appeared not merely a glacial epoch, but the frigid purity of ultimate reality may after all have been little more than one of Buchan's cold spells.

At this point the agitated " controversy " between science and religion raises its inopportune head, only to be thrust down again by all available means. A series of broadcast addresses given five years ago by leaders of religious and scientific thought, and conducted on both sides with such studied politeness that the word " controversy " could scarcely be applied to it, revealed the not very astonishing fact that experiment is opposed to conservatism. It revealed also, through the mouth of Professor Malinowski, that " not all men of science are satisfied with reason and the results of reason ", which is more to our purpose. Fifty years ago, when a belief in natural selection branded its holder as an atheist there was certainly a controversy between religion and science. Now the controversy goes forward independently in both camps, and it is, broadly speaking, a controversy between reason and intuition, between thinking and feeling, between the brain and the spine. The opponents have come to terms in order to devote their energies to civil war.

A science of comparatively recent growth such as psychology is content at present to explore new country with an old compass. The discoveries of Freud, Jung and Pavlov may prove in the long run to be no more accurate than the maps of the early travellers, but they are no less exciting. Empirical systems are now applied to matters formerly regarded as the province of transcendentalism, and Psyche is pursued with a butterfly net. It is suggestive of progress, at any rate, that she is no longer pinned down upon a setting-board with a label supplied by an African Father. Meanwhile, the older science of physics com-

pletes its parricidal destruction of humanism. In half a century man has reconciled himself to handing over the captaincy of his soul. He has thrown off one theology only to find himself caught in another, but while the Rational Church awaits its Loyola, he may struggle out once more.

And there perhaps he will be, in his ultimate bewildered freedom, not *Homo sapiens*, but at best, as Bergson suggested, *Homo faber*. And if his fabrications, his many inventions, themselves desert him, if he destroy in one last savage act of group reasoning (as we are constantly warned he may) all the compensations for a weakening instinct that he has so elaborately built up, how will he compete with the other organisms, the angels not yet fallen, in the fight for a balance with environment? For this vital equilibrium, which Hackenschmidt represents as achieved by ever more treacherous subterfuges, was considered by Spencer to be the splendid goal of evolution.

Perfectibility, however, is getting shakier and shakier. We are no longer so sure that we are on the right road, and many are beginning to doubt whether we are on a road at all. Certainly it cannot be a road so smoothly macadamed as Comte laid out in the happy days when a philosophic system could cheerfully claim so arrogant a title as Positivism. For Comte's real aim, after all, was only to provide a durable scientific alloy which should take the place of the crumbling Petrine rock. Marxists (though not Marx) have sought a similar substitute in dialectical materialism, but neither positivism nor materialism can really take the strain. Perhaps Pareto, with his ascetically mathematical approach to the oddities of group behaviour, will ease matters for a while. But really the only hope is that the psychologists will have our new clothes ready when we need them.

And finally, lest it be thought that all this is mere sciolism dancing on an invisible wire, let me quote the grave testimony of a respected Conservative journal on a recent issue. "No good", we are reminded in a leading article, "can ever come of running away from reason, and the Society for the Legalization of Approved Suicides is only one more instance of a very dangerous contemporary tendency". The Erewhonians themselves could not have put it more succinctly.

THE THEATRE OF TOMORROW

By Hugh Ross Williamson

NOT the least of the charms of the English theatre is a chronic invalidism. No national institution can have been dying quite so certainly and often. Its continual survival is a matter for surprise, while its symptoms and the remedies provide unfailing topic for conversation and debate. The danger is that lovers of the theatre, inured to the wolfish cry, may be blind to the real changes that are taking place and, engaged in congratulating themselves that the patient is still alive, fail to notice that it (or should it be " she " ?) is indubitably worse.

Occasionally hard facts obtrude themselves. The virtual annihilation of the provincial theatre, the increasing difficulty of casting West End plays owing to the actors' emigration to Hollywood or occupation at Elstree ; the growing habit on the part of authors, producers and *entrepreneurs* of regarding a play as nothing but the raw material for a film ; the existence of a considerable adolescent public which, though a devotee of the cinema, has never been inside a theatre—these matters cannot escape the eye of the most casual observer.

Thus even though the true rival of the picture palace is the gin-palace—since habitual attendance at the films is in essence only a form of gregarious drug-taking—it is impossible to deny that the cinema has seriously affected the theatre. The advent of television may indeed momentarily turn the tables (for although there may be no truth in the persistent rumour that television would have been perfected long ago had not the financial interests involved in the cinema industry deliberately obstructed it, the idea behind the rumour is sound enough) ; but, as the film's answer to television will be colour and stereoscopy, the theatre's triumph is likely to be short-lived. The most optimistic theatre-lover, in fact, has to admit that

the screen has played permanent havoc with the stage as we have known it. And, partly as a result, the English theatre has never (except in the abnormal interlude of the war years) been in so lamentable a state since its undistinguished doldrums of the mid-nineteenth century.

The reason for this, however, is not, as is too often assumed, the advent of mechanical entertainment as such ; it is, rather, the stage's failure to realise the futility of trying to compete with it. The theatre has tried to go on as if nothing particular had happened but, for good or evil, the cinema (and, to a lesser extent, broadcasting) has redefined the scope of the stage. These new limits the theatre of today is reluctant to recognize, but it is within them that the theatre of tomorrow must lie. And this theatre, as far as the signs can be read, will no longer be democratic, but aristocratic (using the word in its widest sense) rather as the ballet is today—and it will approximate to the Greek model, with its formalism, its beauty of diction, its " action off " and its preoccupation with the major problems of life.

First, the audience. The contemporary audience for any work of art is usually in inverse ratio to its merit. At no time has this truism been so obvious as in these days when, for instance, the mere fact that a book is a " best-seller " has become sufficient proof that it is artistically worthless. And the one great service which the cinema is rendering the theatre is to drain off the " popular " audience. The enormous sums of money involved in making a modern film render it imperative that it should appeal to the largest audience possible (which means to the lowest standards of taste and intelligence). Not many years ago, Hollywood was avowedly addressing its appeal to the " hicks " of the Middle West and though, since then, the standard has been slightly raised, it would still not be unfair to describe the vast majority (for there are notable exceptions) of American and English films as being made by half-wits for half-wits. The theatre's gain from this process is already considerable, and it will be greater than it is. For at the moment, unfortunately, the West End stage is making a last frenzied endeavour to turn itself into a counter-attraction for the half-wits. Though the fare it offers is adequate enough—there is

at the moment of writing no English play running in London to which one could take an intelligent foreign visitor without feeling ashamed—it is gradually being forced to realise that the film can go one better every time in the two great stock-in-trades of this " wide popular appeal " entertainment—realism and spectacle.

The homely little drama, which sets the spectators whispering : " Isn't that *exactly* like Herbert and Aunt Maggie ? " and the " super " musical production in which speed, colour and noise combine to paralyse the faculties are sure draws, and both are departments in which the stage can never hope to rival the film. The unfortunate thing is that it ever made the attempt. Of spectacle, there is no need to speak : it serves its purpose, as a potent cocktail serves its purpose, and is forgotten ; but realism—largely a twentieth-century Mancunian product—is a more serious matter. Though it dominates the theatre at the moment, it has inspired no masterpieces, since great dramatists do not concern themselves with the pity and terror of tea-parties in Putney.

It is, indeed, a sufficient indictment of the whole drab movement to recall that such an unimaginative piece of pedestrian reporting as *Journey's End* should be the stage's reaction to the tragedy of the war. Already that effort has sunk into its proper perspective, though in wondering how it can ever have been mistaken for an important work we are in danger of forgetting that, compared with the superficial banalities of more recent realists like Miss Dodie Smith, Mr. J. B. Priestley, Mr. Egan and Mr. van Druten, it was quite good.

Realism, however, in spite of its commercial success, has never held undisputed sway. The masterpieces of Shaw—the third act of *Man and Superman*, *Saint Joan* and *Back to Methuselah* —the best work of Eugene O'Neill, Flecker's short but brilliant incursion into the theatre, the plays of the Irishmen Synge, Yeats and O'Casey, the sophisticated high comedy of Somerset Maugham, it is by these that the English theatre has lived.

It is significant, incidentally, that O'Casey, whose treatment of the war in *The Silver Tassie* is worth a dozen *Journey's Ends*, is one of the few writers who has had the courage to protest against the absurd praise bestowed on that latest piece of popular

realism *Love on the Dole*. It is more significant that modern poets are at last turning to the theatre—T. S. Eliot in *Murder in the Cathedral*, and W. H. Auden in *The Dog beneath the Skin*, for this is the most hopeful sign of all that the theatre is coming back to the right path.

The return of poetry to the stage leads naturally to a consideration of that other mark of the future—beauty of diction. For this the radio rather than the cinema is to be thanked. Wireless has called into being what is virtually a vast audience of blind men and women who, lacking the sense of sight, find their sense of hearing proportionately more acute. When the eye is satisfied, the ear can forgive certain inanities of dialogue, but as the ear, by being made so often the sole gateway to the imagination, becomes more critical, it will not readily forgive rubbish even for the eye's sake. The demand for finer dialogue in the theatre will be the direct result of wireless training, and this demand can finally be satisfied only by verse or a finely cadenced prose.

Thus from another angle realism is attacked, and the sub-humanities of Mayfair back-chat, the sentimentalities of Lancashire operatives and the domestic parrotings of suburbia must alike disappear. Already Shakespeare and the Restoration dramatists, the greatest verse and the most perfect prose that the language has produced, are higher in regard than they have ever been.

Shakespeare's wonderful word-pictures, such as the description of Macbeth's castle, which used to be condescendingly explained away in text-books as necessities dictated by a rudimentary stage without scenery, have now been restored to their proper place and are recognized as an integral part of the dramatic development.

In the same way the soliloquy, which was considered " old-fashioned " by the realists, came back as the latest development of expressionism, and can be further developed by modern writers to become once more the thing of beauty which the Elizabethans made of it.

Both the description and the soliloquy happen to be necessary as part of the mechanics of construction of an " action off " play. And the play of the future will be forced into such a technique by the unarguable superiority of the screen in por-

traying action. In a modern Shakespeare production, for instance, what action there is is usually stylized. The battle of Actium can be shown to perfection in a super-film called *The Wanton of Egypt*; it cannot be more than suggested in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The Irving tradition of production—itself a species of realism—is fortunately dead; and Shakespeare, in consequence, is alive.

Thus it would seem that a variety of circumstances have combined to force the theatre in the direction suggested, towards becoming an aristocratic entertainment, approximating to the Greek model with its formalism, its beauty of diction and its "action off". There remains to consider its subject matter. It so happens that the two major preoccupations of the modern world are two aspects of the problem which has haunted all the great dramatists: the struggle of Man with Fate.

In the severely practical realm of economics, the sudden unification of the world and the increase of its resources have rendered obsolete all the postulates of previous generations. In an age of glut the struggle of man against man for existence, which was the necessity of an age of scarcity, has no place. The conflict has become one of man allied with man against nature.

Side by side with this change in the external world have marched the psychological discoveries of the infinite complexity of the individual. The saying that character is destiny has acquired a new and deeper significance. And this knowledge has made a new kind of drama necessary. Yet the new is, fundamentally, only the old treated in a different idiom. The Greeks, obsessed with the problem of Man against Destiny, were wise enough to see that the business of the theatre is not to invent new stories, but to reinterpret known ones; and it is noteworthy that the best contemporary psychological dramatist, Lenormand, has made the Don Juan story the basis of his finest play: and that O'Neill has rewritten the *Oresteia*. In England, of course, since playwrights are, as Shaw has remarked, fifty years behind the times, nothing has yet been done in this direction. But when the theatre emerges from its present chaos, we may expect another Hamlet.

THE TINKER'S WOMAN

By Rearden Conner

THE evening was cold when the tinker's woman left the city. As night drew in, the cold increased. A frosted wind sprang up and hummed in the branches of the hawthorns along the road which led away from the city. A young ass plodded on in front of the woman, shivering in the wind and afraid of the sound of it in the bushes. Now and again the woman prodded it with a stick to hurry it along. She prodded it always in the same spot—to the right of the tail—and that spot was now sore. But the young ass did not move any the quicker. It could not share the woman's haste, and it had the patience of its kind for enduring pain. Besides, it was nervous of what lay ahead on the long, dark, bleak road.

The woman was indifferent to its pain and fear. She hurried on as though she were being pursued. Twice she looked back at the city, but she turned her eyes away quickly from the lights bunched together like candelabra. She rushed forward into the night as though the streets of the city behind her were pythons reaching out for her so that they might suck her down into their brilliant bellies

The woman had stolen the ass a week previously, but she was not uneasy on that account The theft of a young ass was no new experience in her life. She had stolen it many miles away, down south where the mountains and the rivers had been friendly, so different from this flat plain where the people seemed suspicious and were so ungenerous. Already she had forgotten that the ass was not her property by legal right. She did not worry about the law. She did not understand it, anyway. She understood only that the ass was hers now. Therefore she drove it before her into the night because she was a fugitive, fleeing across the plain with all her worldly belongings. Across the back of the ass hung a long sack, like a canvas bolster. In

this she had a garment or two, a pan, a tin kettle, some tea, a little food.

The night grew colder. Stars were thick in the sky. Around the moon glowed a haze of frost. The city was a long way behind now. The woman and the ass had walked for hours; the one docile and fatigued, the other unaware of her tired limbs, feverishly eager to put the miles behind her. Her boots hit the frozen surface of the road as loudly, almost, as the hooves of the ass.

In the steady light of the moon her face was revealed. It was sharp and clear under her wild uncombed hair. She wore no hat. Her face had not been washed for days. Her eyes burned from lack of sleep and the shedding of bitter tears. She was a woman in her early thirties. Her figure was wrapped in an old green shawl. But it was lissom and shapely from much exercise. Her hands were rough, broken, and grained with dirt. Her feet had been beaten flat by days and weeks and years of walking over the unmade country roads with her parents, and later with her man.

She had beauty, a harsh, compelling beauty, uncared for, crude, like the flower on a weed. The movement of her limbs and the swing of her hips were a challenge thrown out to mankind. In the moonlight she suggested a figure carved from the earth, a figure that symbolised the purpose of life. But the light of day showed up her feet and her broken hands, her age-eaten shawl and her unwashed face. Beauty seemed to slip from her then and she was nothing but a tinker's woman.

In the first hour of the morning she discovered a shed and decided to rest. The shed was an empty, battered wreck standing near the road hedge. The woman could not drive the ass into the field where the shed stood because the gate was padlocked, and she could find no gap. She took a rope from her bolster-like sack and tied the young ass to the butt of a shrub. Then she clutched the sack in her arms and pushed it before her so that she made a passage for herself between the thin hawthorn branches. In that way, scratched, and miserable from cold, she gained the shed.

She threw the sack on the floor and sat down beside it, pulling her shawl over her face so that her ears and her cheeks might

be warm. She buried her hands between her thighs, hungry for the heat which she found there. Her head nodded as though she were drowsing. But sleep was far from her. Her eyes stared down into her lap, unseeing because it was dark in the shed. On the road outside the young ass made noises with its hooves. The woman knew that it was suffering in the wind. She could do nothing for it. It would have to inure itself to such hardships. The moonlight made silver streaks around the top of the shed where roof and walls did not truly meet. The wind came whistling in, as though threatening to lift away the flimsy roof.

The woman had been in the shed about half an hour when a thud made her start up from her semi-coma. She heard breathing and a rattling of the shed door. The door swung open and she saw the figure of a man outlined by the moonlight. At the same moment he saw her and asked, " Who's in here ? "

She did not reply, and he struck a match. By the small flickering flame she saw that he was a man well past middle age. His face was broad and bearded. It was dirtier than her own face. He had long hair crowned by a battered bowler hat. He was dressed in odd garments of black and grey. His boots were cracked and caked with mud. In one hand he held a bundle.

He saw the terror in the woman's eyes, and he said in a mild tone, " Don't be afraid of me. I was only comin' in out of the cold ".

She did not answer him, and he came into the shed. The door swung to behind him. She heard him sit down in the corner opposite to her. He was fumbling around with his hands, breathing heavily like an exhausted animal. Soon she heard the scrape of another match, and she watched the flame applied to the stump of a candle. " The Lord said, ' Let there be light ! and there was light ' ", commented the man. He looked at her with curiosity in his small eyes : " Where's yer man ? " he asked.

" He's gone down the road ", she told him. Her voice belied the beauty of her face, the lissomness of her body. It sounded as though it did not belong to her. It was the voice of a woman much given to abuse, flat and raucous.

The man was not satisfied. He rocked to and fro on his backside, massaging his hands, vainly trying to warm himself. " It's not fit for man or beast to be out to-night ", he muttered. " It is not, faith."

At his entry the woman had pulled her shawl across her face. He had thought her to be well on in years, like himself. Her voice, too, was that of an ageing person. Now, as the candle-light grew in strength and dispelled the darkness, he saw with surprise that she was young. He saw, too, that she was beautiful because he had no delicacy of mind to be shocked at the dirt of her face.

" What time is it ? " she asked him, gazing hungrily at him as though she wished to see the words leaping from his lips. From his jacket pocket he took a cheap watch. " 'Tis twenty minutes past two ", he told her.

" God ! " she said. She grew very agitated. Her face went pale under its layers of dirt. She began to tremble as though the frost had eaten into her flesh through her worn clothing.

The man was alarmed. " What's the matter ? " he asked. " Are ye afeard for yer man ? "

She did not heed his question. " Is he gone long ?" he persisted.

" He's gone down the road ", she said dully. " He'll be back."

She rocked from side to side as though she were in pain. The young ass clattered its hooves on the road outside, startling the man. " Did ye hear that ? " he asked sharply.

The woman did not reply. She stood up and walked out of the shed. She went to the hedgerow and spoke to the ass. She spoke as her man had taught her to speak to young animals. The ass became quiet. It stood, shivering, and did not attempt to raise its hooves.

The woman walked up and down the hedgerow for a long time. Every ten minutes or so she came back and spoke to the ass in a tone that was not raucous, but soft, a tone that befitted her beauty. At last the man came out of the shed to look for her. He had fallen asleep, staring at the candle and wondering about her. Now the candle was nearly burned out and he had woken with a start.

" Come in out of the cold, woman ! " he said with a hint of command in his tone.

She obeyed, seeking again her seat by the wall of the shed. " What time is it now ? " she asked him, as soon as he had shut the door of the shed.

He told her. It was half-past three. " God ! " she breathed. She swayed, and he thought that she was going to faint. He spoke tenderly to her, " Will yer man be back soon ? "

" He'll be back ", she said shortly. Now her voice was once again raucous.

He looked at her face with compassion in his eyes. He looked down at her figure. She knew what he was thinking. Her body was hidden by the old green shawl. He could not see its slimness. He was free to think what he liked.

" Has yer man gone far ? " he asked her softly.

" Let me alone ! " she said crossly. She was tired of his questioning. If only her man were here to take her in his arms, to keep her safe and warm ! It was getting on for four o'clock. " God ! Oh, God ! " she gasped, as though a fierce pain had darted through her.

The man was uneasy. He did not believe her story about her man any longer. She was just a young woman who was going to have a child soon. He did not want to be mixed up in her troubles, yet he did not want to leave her alone because he felt great pity for her. By now the candle had guttered out, but he replaced it with another stump which he found in his bundle.

Presently the woman pulled her shawl more tightly around her than ever, as though she wished to shut herself off from his world. She was staring at him with fear in her eyes, he noticed. He closed his eyes so that he might not embarrass her. This made him drowsy. Soon his head was nodding on his chest. He fell into a deep sleep.

His snores boomed in the shed. Under the hedgerow behind the shed the young ass was asleep, too, despite the cold. But the woman did not sleep. She stared at the pursing of the man's lips as though she were fascinated. Saliva ran from his mouth to his chin. His under-jaw sagged down. He had a hundred wrinkles in his face. His limbs were thrown out like those of a corpse. He made ugly animal noises from time to time, like the young ass outside.

At last the woman plucked up courage and crept to his corner. Very stealthily she thrust her hand into his jacket pocket and found his watch. She stole back to her place, holding the watch tightly as though it were of great value.

She stared at it with fear-haunted eyes. It was almost five o'clock. Her lips moved silently in prayer. She watched the long hand ticking off the minutes. Her prayers grew louder as she looked at the advancing hand. At six o'clock the man awoke. He saw that the woman was crying. He looked around the shed, as though not knowing what to expect. " What's up ? " he asked. " Hasn't yer man come back to ye yet ? "

" He'll come back ", she said, staring at him defiantly through her tears. She saw that he was looking at the watch in her hand, and she added, " I wanted to know the time ".

" That's all right ", he said. " Of course he'll come back. There's no need to upset yerself about it at all."

She looked at him with dislike because of the smugness of his reply. The wind was rattling the door of the shed. All night long it had not done that. The man listened to it, holding his head to one side. " The wind's changed ", he said. " Bad scran to it, we'll have rain now ! "

The woman said nothing. " It'll be warmer ", he went on. " But the frost makes a man cover ground, an' it's dry into the bargain."

After a while he ventured another remark : " It'll soon be dawn."

" No, no ! " the woman said, as though imploring him to contradict himself. " Not soon, not soon ! " It was almost a prayer. The man was astonished, almost shocked. He did not know what to say. He scratched his long hair, and looked up under his eyelids at the woman as though he distrusted her sanity.

He sat in silence, listening to her faint moans which he mistook for indications of approaching travail, until the first streak of dawn lit the sky. Then he said, " It'll soon be time to move off. The day's comin'. Are ye goin' on to the city ? "

He saw that she was staring at the watch and did not seem to have heard his question. She was studying the progress of the minute hand. It had passed seven o'clock. Slowly, yet

surely, the hand was dropping towards the half-hour. The woman looked like a demented creature now. The man was afraid of her, yet he was rooted to his seat by curiosity. He heard the young ass clattering his hooves and champing the grass of the hedgerow. The air had turned humid. Rain was very near now. The ass was delighted to wake and find the grass pure and sweet.

But the woman did not hear the ass, nor did she seem to notice the man gaping at her. She was listening to the tick of the watch—tick, tick, tick, like the beating of her own heart. The half-hour had passed and the hand was climbing steadily up and up the watch-face. Her eyes protruded as though she were suffering an agonizing death. Her breath came in quick gasps. Then suddenly, almost incredibly, the long hand pointed to the figure twelve. It was eight o'clock.

The watch fell from the woman's hand. It landed on her lap, unharmed. She was trembling from head to foot. Her hands shook like leaves and her arms quivered like frail boughs in a breeze. She rose from her seat to her knees with a dazed look in her eyes. The watch slid from her lap to the earthen floor of the shed. She began to pray, " O God, have mercy on him ! O God in Heaven, have mercy upon his soul—— !"

She prayed for a long time, with hands clasped and eyes raised to the roof of the shed. Then she rose from her knees, picked up her bundle, and left the shed. She did not cast a glance at the man. She wriggled through the hedge at the spot where she had tethered the young ass. She recovered the stick which she had dropped in the hedgerow and prodded the ass in front of her. As it went forward she slashed at it mercilessly, beating it as though it had offended her in some way. From the hedge the man watched her, more astounded than ever. She did not look back at him. She wanted to get away from him now because he was going to the city from whence she had fled, to the city where they had hanged her man on the stroke of eight o'clock for the murder of a fellow-tinker who had tried to steal her from him.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

By Stephen Gwynn

WE have had the oddest General Election that I remember. Only one thing interested the electorate, and everybody was agreed about that one thing—or as nearly everybody as is possible in a country that holds Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

British Leadership

And yet there was the usual beating of drums. But at least we now know where we are. Mr. Baldwin has said quite plainly that under his guidance England will work in the League and through the League to assert the principles of the League ; and that if the League, as at present constituted, fails of its purposes, England will not—as many have suggested—give up the League as hopeless, but will rather set to work for the reconstitution of a League which will be effective. Not under any conditions are we going back to the pre-War state of things. Collective security for the prevention of war has to be found. Now that is precisely what Europe wanted to hear said by a Power it could trust, and Europe is rallying with surprising thoroughness to the leadership now decisively given. Not, of course, unanimously : that could not be expected ; nor is all support inspired by the same spirit. It is worth while considering how the facts look to a representative of one of the dissident nations.

Obstacle to Power Diplomacy

M. George Ottlik, who frequently writes on international affairs in the *Nouvelle Revue de Hongrie*, classes the States which support sanctions into three groups, First come those who are inspired by motives similar to those of Great Britain, the leading actor. " These are the Scandinavian States, Belgium, Holland, Finland,

Estonia and Latvia, Portugal, Spain (up to a certain point) and more or less all the British Dominions. I am ready to admit that these States are moved by a certain idealism, by well-grounded fear of the disasters which a war would cause, and by opposition in principle to the use of force." M. Ottlik goes on to suggest additional motives for Great Britain's attitude. But these certainly do not apply to this long list of secondary Powers which give her policy a disinterested endorsement—in every case, at some sacrifice, actual or potential, of economic gain. His second group consists of Soviet Russia, Lithuania, the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente. For all these, in the Hungarian's view, the prime purpose is to defeat Fascism, and for the Little Entente to overthrow Italy and so get a free hand to deal with Hungary. In the third group he places France, Switzerland, Poland " and even Austria, Hungary, and Albania ". These States, he holds, are all convinced of the need for international collaboration, they are vitally interested in maintaining the League of Nations (on which France, he observes, for the last fifteen years has based her whole policy), but also they are all convinced that a strong Italy is indispensable to the order, balance, and peace of Europe. Now without entering on an analysis of this grouping (and M. Ottlik himself admits that it is unexpected to find royalist Greece and Rumania in the same group as Soviet Russia) one thing stands out : Hungary belongs to the League, but looks to Italy rather than to the League for protection against the fully-armed states which surround her disarmed people. Yet if the League has made a joint effort to protect Abyssinia against aggression from Italy, it is fair to assume that at least as much would be done if Hungary were assailed by any of its neighbours ; for European interest in Abyssinia cannot be compared with her sympathy for one of the most vital and historic of European states.

Even more interesting are the German reactions. Germans with their military education are fully aware that the effect of economic sanctions must operate slowly ; but they do not on that account underestimate it. What impresses them is the extent of the action taken. They are forced to regard the League as a serious obstacle to power diplomacy, practised by an individual power ; and if that conviction becomes firmly lodged in the German mind, the whole face of affairs in Europe will be changed.

Italy, we may be well assured, will never again challenge the opposition of civilized Europe, or, to put it more accurately, of European civilization. Her reluctance to quit the League is eloquent, and proves the moral effect of a condemnation so almost unanimous, which is all the more impressive because so unwillingly pronounced. The Duce may well desire to see his country rival Germany in military prestige, but he assuredly does not wish to stand before Europe in the same category as Herr Hitler and his Jew-baiters. And at present he is far too able a man not to perceive that his country, through this Abyssinian enterprise, stands at the mercy of the Powers that condemn her. Military sanctions he knows will not be applied, so long as Italy refrains from aggression ; but the incautious act of some Italian commander at sea might create a very different situation. And if military sanctions were invoked, blockade of the ports in Eritrea and Italian Somaliland would be the first step taken. How long, if such a blockade were applied, would it be before the entire Italian expeditionary force must surrender ? It cannot even supply itself with food from the occupied territory. That would mean ruin ; and no sane man desires to see Italy ruined—for that would go far towards the ruin of Europe—nor even injured, since the action of her people in the venture, if it be judged by all the old standards of patriotism, has been magnificent. It is too much to expect that those standards can be easily and quickly abandoned in obedience to a new conception of national rights and duties. Negotiators are busy, and what they may propose is unknown ; but safely one may assume that Europe is trying to build some golden bridge for an Italian withdrawal. We are all anxious to know what can be offered on the lines of those extended economic facilities of which Sir Samuel Hoare spoke at Geneva and in the House of Commons.

A Golden Bridge for Italy?

But it would be self-delusion to suppose that Italy's desire can be met solely in terms of economic advantage. The real question is to assuage the pride of her people, to which the Duce has promised satisfaction in territorial conquest. All the " have nots " have one desire : territory. The only two Powers which can meet

Territory for " have nots "

Italy's craving are France and England, for their outlying possessions are immeasurably the greatest. Mr. Churchill makes himself the eloquent spokesman of those who hold that it is unjustifiable to transfer populations from one European rule to another as if they were cattle—a view for which much can be said. But no such reluctance was felt by England in 1919; and Mr. Churchill's discourses remind us unpleasantly of the mailed fist; they are indeed too much in Signor Mussolini's vein. Is it really, as he claims, necessary for collective security that Great Britain should hold supremacy in the Mediterranean? Can this conception possibly obtain collective acceptance? It seems to me—speaking only for myself—that the key to the Italian problem lies in a revision of strategic necessities in the Mediterranean. For in Tunis France governs, and in Malta England governs, people who are largely Italian by race and sympathy. How the case may stand about Tunis I cannot say, but the present dispositions of the British fleet suggest that Malta is well on the way to become a liability rather than an asset. Is it out of the bounds of possibility that these two possessions should be demilitarized and put under the League of Nations as mandated territories—the mandate in one case at least being given to Italy?

Mr. Baldwin has emphasised that in the present dispute there are three parties whose claims must be harmonized: the League, Italy, and Abyssinia. England, as England, has no separate interest; but at the present juncture England is admittedly leading the League in action. I remark that, from a Hungarian point of view, French policy has for fifteen years been directed to making the League effective: England's zeal appears recent. And in fact for several years after 1919, England was tempted by the idea of a close English-speaking alliance that should be independent of the League. This temptation was over-rated by foreigners, who saw journals of vast circulation preaching a gospel of isolation, and thought that their influence was proportioned to their sales. But the Englishman does not read his paper except for news—more specially football and racing news. He forms his own ideas in his own way, and we begin to realize now how deeply this idea of preventing war has taken hold. Yet it is doubtful if the average Englishman has realized that he

is now fighting for the one true gain which the War brought to him. He was pleased, no doubt, to see Alsace-Lorraine restored, Poland liberated, and so on ; but it was nothing in his pocket, not even a feather in his cap. Before the War he was credited with a desire to destroy German economic competition ; yet after the War my friends in France could not conceive why England was so eager to set Germany on its legs again, economically. Why foster a dangerous competitor ? they asked. At sea, the German naval challenge was gone ; but on the other hand England's old claim to sea supremacy had to be abandoned, and a nominal parity adopted, which left the United States with the stronger fleet.

What Did England Get ?

What, then, had England got out of the greatest military effort in her history ? She had got a European institution which corresponded roughly to her sense of fair play and to her love of settlement by discussion. It has taken fifteen years for her to realize that what she got must be defended : that her own interest as well as that of other nations is at stake ; and now she moves, and those whose interests are also involved move with her. No case is more significant than that of Ireland. Mr. de Valera explains that he supports England in supporting the League because he is convinced that the League is Ireland's best defence against possible encroachments on Ireland by England. It sounds unfriendly ; yet what Mr. de Valera meant is in its essence honourable. England, leading in this matter the Commonwealth of British nations, stands pledged to the principles of the League, and is every day more deeply committed to defend and uphold them. The League is for England the real outcome of a vast war into which English public opinion carried England wholeheartedly, far more out of regard for her pledged word and her conception of justice than for the sake of her ultimate security—though that, by far-seeing men, was seen to be at stake.

Revision Needed

The whole complex of facts is, in Mr. Baldwin's phrase, a challenge to cynicism—as was the foundation, in 1816, of that Peace Society to which he spoke on October 31st. That speech in France would have been *affiché* —placarded through the country at public expense. Nothing has been uttered of late years better worth

reading and re-reading than this discourse, shot through with memories of beauty, with love of the English countryside, with echoes from deep reading, and throughout informed with generous insight. One passage deserves special note. The League, "like any other living organism, must be capable of development and change". It cannot be merely the guardian of the *status quo*. What, then, is to be the League's response to the present cracking and straining of the European framework? Where can there be readjustment?

Possibly one should take note of the Government's response to a proposal for closer union between the East African colonies which seems to be generally desired by the European communities in all three. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald rejected it on grounds which need not be restated. But they did not include any reference to the fact that German East Africa is held under mandate. Yet to have accepted the proposal for union would undoubtedly have seemed to close the door against Germany's hope to regain possession. Was the avoidance of this deliberate?

Another fact which deserves mention was the ceremonial entombment of Marshal Lyautey's remains at Rabat, fulfilling his wish to be identified for ever with the province that he, more than any man, made into part of France. Few Europeans will doubt that Lyautey rendered service to Morocco no less than to France. Many Europeans, not only in Italy, hold that Abyssinia needs similar help from some representative of the higher European civilization; and Europe is at present engaged in debarring Italy from a choice of rendering this service to humanity, because other, and, as most of us hold, higher considerations impose a veto. For the denial of this chance, Italy has a fair claim on Europe to compensation.

The incidents of the Election will be quickly forgotten, but one must regret the brutish clamour by which men like Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Thomas are denied a hearing. Such proceedings are the one way to make Fascism popular in England. On the other hand, any old Member of Parliament will have seen with pleasure the unopposed return of Colonel Wedgwood in the midland constituency which he has represented as a Radical for almost thirty years. During that time, Josiah Wedgwood

has probably been the despair of all Whips, for nothing ever trammelled his independence ; in essentials, no one has ever been more consistent, and very few ever worked so hard for their private ends as he for the public service. Probably in every parliament there have been some such men, yet few of them ; but it is they who preserve the honour of the House. Colonel Wedgwood has the reward beside which places and titles seem very tawdry decorations : his own people know him, trust him, and stand to him against all comers.

Lord Carson

Lord Carson, like so many Irishmen, might have walked straight out of the eighteenth century, whose conditions indeed lasted in Ireland almost till the end of Queen Victoria's reign. He did not belong to the age of machinery, least of all electoral machinery. As an agitator he used no instruments but those which O'Connell commanded : the power of oratory, the magnetism of leadership, indomitable will, and ingenious perception exactly how far to go in defiance of the law. But, unlike O'Connell, he shrank from no risks, though his advance towards danger was always cautious and measured. Of course, he had resources at his back very unlike O'Connell's ragged muster ; but they were largely due to his skilful generalship. His Irish record, like O'Connell's, is partly one of success, partly of failure. He secured to some eight hundred thousand Protestants in Ulster a legislature in which they would have complete control ; but he left three hundred thousand others under the Dublin rule, and with them the great university which he had so long represented. To serve Ulster, he split Ireland in two ; yet he was not an Ulsterman but a Southern Irishman, whose whole education and early career was in Dublin.

One memory will always stand out in my mind. It was in 1914, a beautiful July evening ; the Buckingham Palace Conference, to which King George had summoned leaders of both English and both Irish parties, had met that day for the first time. John Redmond was sitting by himself on the terrace of the House of Commons and, what was unusual, much inclined to talk. He told me of his meeting with the King, and the King's manifest friendliness, but chiefly he gave his impression

of the Conference. " Carson dominated the whole. As an Irishman you could not help being proud of him. All the discussion, practically, was between him and me." Those two men liked each other : they had known each other at the Irish bar : and again and again we heard Carson address to the Irish leader a moving personal appeal. There was, indeed, nothing insuperable between them. During the Conference (whether that first day or some later one, I forget) Carson said, outside the Council room, to Redmond : " This thing cannot be settled. You and I could settle it : but it's the people behind us who won't let us". That was true.

Typically Irish

Carson, bred in County Galway, had no trace of that rancorous sectarian feeling which animates an Ulster Protestant mob : Redmond, whose family had served long in the British Army, had none of the racial hatred that embitters the Gaelic outlook. And indeed, of the two men, if " Irish " has its old meaning, Carson was by far the more typically Irish. Redmond had a grave and winning courtesy ; but Carson's grim face could suddenly light up with an irresistible charm, to which his voice added seduction. He used all the resources of his voice and countenance, as any effective orator will do, to the uttermost ; the histrionic quality was strong in him—as, it seems, it was in Mr. Gladstone. But the part which he played most consummately came natural to him : it was that of a man terribly in earnest. Nobody had been more fully trusted and no one gave better return for the trust. In the war period, when party considerations were in abeyance, more than one man, and even (we have it on his own word) Mr. Lloyd George, thought of him as best fitted to be Prime Minister because of this power of inspiring trust. Yet in his war-time office he was scarcely a success as administrator. Where he excelled in public life was as the advocate. He put Ulster's case before Parliament and the British people as the Ulstermen could never have put it for themselves : avoiding those pleas which would have alienated English feeling, stressing all that appealed to the English mind ; and when there was a risk to be taken, challenging it for himself.

Such a man earns devotion and he had it. But any student of

his career will find that he accepted fully the limiting conditions of democratic leadership; he never tried to lead his people further than he could feel that they were willing to go. On more than one occasion I think that he abstained from courses that he would willingly have followed—for instance, when he was asked to appear on a recruiting platform with Redmond, lest he should confuse or overstrain the loyalty that was given to him. Perhaps for that reason, perhaps from a shrewd estimate of the possibilities, he refused to serve on the Irish Convention of 1917-18—where, I think, much might have been effected.

History will not soon be done discussing him. He was, of course, one of the greatest figures at the bar; but it is as a politician that he left his mark, and he left it on Ireland—not on Ulster only, for the example he set in Ulster was followed with a vengeance elsewhere. The founder of the Irish Volunteers had reason on his side when, in 1913, he called on the people of Cork to cheer for Sir Edward Carson. We in Ireland, whether north or south, have assuredly not yet seen the full results of his action. Not less certain, to me at least, is the truth of John Redmond's saying: "As an Irishman you could not but be proud of him".

Martha Wilmot's Letters

Every age has its own way of being entertaining, and Miss Austen lets us know what an amusing woman was like, rather more than a century ago. Yet the new instalment of Martha Wilmot's Letters (edited by Lady Londonderry and Mr. Montgomery Hyde) sets me thinking rather of another woman writer, so much more famous in that day than Miss Austen, and so much forgotten now. Perhaps it is because Maria Edgeworth shares with Martha Wilmot a quality which is defined in these Letters—"easy, natural, unaffected and rather *Irish*, by which I mean something artless and *out with it*, whatever it is that you are thinking, that gives an originality, almost playfulness, to her manner". I doubt if many people now realize how great a tribute it is to say that Martha Wilmot (who in this volume has become Mrs. Bradford) could describe a scene or a character as well as Miss Edgeworth. Both of them came of ordinary Irish gentlefolks, and were used to simple living, but both had found their feet in the very smart

world. Martha Wilmot had lived six years in Russia as the petted companion of Princess Daschkow, and now on her marriage to a handsome clergyman (very like someone out of Miss Austen) she was established with him at Vienna when Metternich swayed Europe, and Castlereagh's brother, Lord Stewart, was the British Ambassador. She had one asset which Maria Edgeworth never possessed, and never quite entered into —the special charm of a pretty woman. One feels it pleasantly through all the letters in her anxiety about the looks of her small daughters, and of course in her constant preoccupation with what people wore and how they wore it. If the Letters are to be regarded as documents, her main contribution to history is along these lines ; considering when she wrote and where, there is amazingly little about politics. But she was never a person in whose eyes fine clothes could make up for the lack of social qualities, and the chaplain's wife is very severe on the ambassadress—afterwards almost legendary as Frances Anne, the " old Lady Londonderry". But the book's main attraction is in its picture of Vienna in those days of splendour, when, in spite of all, the basis of living was so modest by comparison with England. Or perhaps more truly it is the lady herself who fascinates us, so alive and gay after a hundred years. When she tells how her children's French dancing master executed an exquisite *pas de zéphyr* as he stalked a couple of flies to feed their pet frog, it is impossible not to share her enjoyment. Lady Londonderry's researches have done social literature a good turn.

GRAY'S LETTERS RESTORED

By Edmund Blunden.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS GRAY. Edited by the late Paget Toynbee, and Leonard Whibley. 3 vols. *Oxford, Clarendon Press.* £3. 3*s*.

It is possible that some who read this book have on their shelves in one form or another the version of Gray's letters invented by his executor, the Rev. William Mason. Such editions should be banished at once. I am afraid that the revised version made by my old friend Sir Edmund Gosse fifty years ago, though much superior to Mason's, will also have to disappear. The name of D. C. Tovey will ever be held in honour by discerning Graians, but the end of the matter is that the present edition has no rival, and that any future work on Gray or his letters must refer to it.

Mason, of course, is an obstinate old creature. With Gray's MSS. before him, he did his work of dilapidation with such effect that even now "we have only the text that Mason printed" of fifty-eight letters. He printed also as letters a number of compositions which he had patched up by taking a fragment here and a fragment there from Gray's communications. He did not always stick to Gray's words either, but wrote his own as the spirit (a black spirit) moved him. To eradicate his muddles has been one of the tasks undertaken, first by Paget Toynbee and then by Mr. Whibley—correctors, collectors, and exponents of a text which deserves their wonderful skill. Even after Mason's torture-chamber the Letters of Gray (there are now over five hundred printed) were perceived at once to have a permanent freshness and beauty. "The most learned man in Europe" was shown as also one of the most intelligent.

Being a bachelor, and an eighteenth-century bachelor, Gray excelled in keeping accounts of every kind; transactions delighted him, and had to be recorded in that plain unvarying hand which several facsimiles in these new volumes display. There were transactions, personal and familiar, troubles or gaieties among the professors and fellows of colleges; public histories, serious or comical; the changes of the year—natural phenomena; matters of scholarly enquiry, of travel and reading—archæological, artistic, literary. Gray in his correspondence and otherwise enjoyed the art of noticing all these things. He was not at all unusual in his precise but spirited sort of chronicle. The age he belonged to was an age of exact and copious letter-writing. But Gray had the general excellence in a higher degree, and added to that was his great range of mind and feeling. A dispute among academics was, perhaps, what many correspondents could chronicle amusingly; a critical problem, or question of taste, would not be so much in their way; and, if the topic were a sublime or beautiful scene in the course of a journey, very few could have gloried in it as Gray in his letters did.

It is not new that Gray sought and

found the beauty of the English Lakes many years before Wordsworth had begun writing on the subject. But the journal which Gray sent by way of letter to Wharton in 1769 is now newly disentangled from Mason's text. It is an immediate challenge to any impression we may have about the eighteenth-century tourist. " In the midst of Grasmere-water its margin is hollow'd into small bays with bold eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal, and vary the figure of the little lake they command, from the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish-church rising in the midst of it, hanging enclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald with their trees and hedges and cattle fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. . . . " To the very last Gray was a delighted pilgrim in England and Wales, and this element in his nature gives a special charm to his correspondence.

The man who wrote the *Elegy* was obviously one of the most exacting of critics, and through Gray's Letters there are scattered opinions and comments on literature which have still a practical value. Some are severe. Hume (in this instance we have only Mason's text) is " a pernicious writer . . . he has continued all his days an infant, but one that unhappily has been taught to read and write". Gray is kinder to Beattie, but insists on his watching what he writes. " The *infuriate* flood. I would not make new words without great necessity; it is very hazardous at best." Another note which maybe strikes deep in poetical matters is, " *Medium* and *incongruous*, being words of art, lose their dignity in my eyes, and savour too much of prose". In an appendix we have Norton Nicholls's Reminiscences of Gray, restored to a true text; and these afford several glimpses of that secret personality, a great poet—" I asked him how he felt when he composed the *Bard*. ' Why I felt myself the bard ' ".

In another of the numerous appendices to this scrupulous edition, the circumstances of Gray's removal from Peterhouse to Pembroke are once more investigated; and once more a good deal of ammunition is spent on the inaccuracies of Sir Edmund Gosse. The facts given by a contemporary are that one night in March, 1756, some of the sporting set at Peterhouse, raising a cry of " Fire " outside Gray's room, hoped to see him descend in his nightshirt by the rope-ladder he had installed. This story was not complete enough for Gosse, who made Gray " descend nimbly into a tub of water " set ready by his tormentors. This tub in particular has been thought Gosse's invention. In these weighty affairs, " let us deal justly". Seventy years before Gosse, in " Espriella's Letters " (No. LXXII), Southey tells the story, and his version ends, " Up went [Gray's] window, and down he came by his rope-ladder, as fast as he could go, into a tub of water which they had placed to receive him".

This edition of Gray's Letters is as strong in point of illustrations as in other respects. One absentee from the portrait gallery, the exemplary James Brown, presumably never sat to a painter.

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PHILOSOPHY OF YOUTH

By C. E. M. JOAD.

WORLD WITHOUT FAITH, by John Beevers. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is the best book by a young man in the early twenties I have read for many years. It consists of a diagnosis of the beliefs of the generation now reaching maturity, a bewildered generation, represented by Mr. Beevers as oscillating between a wistful agnosticism and an all too credulous faith. This predicament, Mr. Beevers holds, is primarily due to a loss of confidence. All through the past history of modern civilization man has had faith in himself. Even when he ceased to be the centre of the universe, he remained the centre of interest. But during the last four hundred years his confidence has received a series of staggering blows. Copernicus destroyed the primacy of man's planet, Darwin the primacy of man upon his planet, Freud the primacy of reason and will in man. Thus, the contemporary generation has confidence neither in the universe nor in itself; there is no purpose it seems at the heart of things, there is neither sanity nor freedom in the self. Mr. Beevers summarizes the results of a brilliant first chapter of analysis as follows: "Man has lost his place in the universe . . . and is left naked and defenceless without a single stay or support to face the brave new world."

But nature abhors a vacuum no less in the world of thought than in that of matter. Hence Mr. Beevers's next picture is of a world in which "most people are scurrying round looking for some kind of a faith to replace all those they've left or had forcibly ripped from them". And he proceeds to summarize the messages of various contemporary prophets who have sought to fill the gaps in our spiritual defences. The summary is scarifying. T. S. Eliot and D. H. Lawrence are weighed in the balance and found wanting; the return to nature movement and the cult of the rustic and the primitive, born of fear of the machine, are covered with ridicule and confusion; Nietzsche and Spengler are mercilessly criticized; Fascism and Communism exposed as religions masquerading as political creeds. The world, in fact, is full of false prophets, who project their personal miseries into a creed and seek to heal the universe instead of themselves. "Physician, first heal thyself", is indeed the burden of Mr. Beevers's advice to the false prophets of our age. He himself, he confesses, was one of them, until, achieving happiness in marriage, he was no longer under the necessity of discovering in movements for world regeneration an outlet for his personal spleens. It is because he is now happy, he tells us, that he has written this book. Yet, because he is happy he has no creed to offer, except the creed of the individualist which is no creed at all. Let each man develop himself, growing out to the full powers and scope of his being, for this is the end of politics no less than of ethics. "The only thing in which I believe with all my heart is in the strength and virtue of the sane individual."

Now it would be easy to dismiss all this as *vieux jeu*, to point out that the doctrine "Be at peace within yourself"

is as old as the hills, whether it takes the form of saying: "Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven", or of Mrs. Knox's insistence in *Fanny's First Play* that, "unless we have that happiness within", no aids to happiness from without will avail us, and patronisingly to observe that Mr. Beevers is not the first to find happiness in satisfied love and the key to the understanding of the world in the arms of a woman. Such criticism, if it were made, would be beside the point. It is not merely that Mr. Beevers announces these truths with a forceful vigour which is as rare as it is refreshing, that he has a very sensitive finger upon the pulses of our time, and probably knows more about what is going on in the minds of the generation just reaching maturity than many of his elders and most of his contemporaries. What is to the point is that his views and values, which might have been taken for granted fifty years ago, have never stood in greater need of affirmation than they do today. The world is suffering from the beliefs that vigorous action is valuable because it is action and vigorous, and that there is some virtue in believing. For neither of these propositions is there any evidence. On the contrary, history shows that most actions, especially when they take the form of the collective action of masses of men, are harmful, while most human beliefs have been untrue. Moreover, as Mr. Beevers points out, vigorous action and facile belief are the peculiar emanations of the crowd. It is in action that a crowd affirms itself, while belief is only confirmed by the beliefs of others. There is thus a peculiar appropriateness in Mr. Beevers's appeal to the young men of his generation, "and if you're young, don't fall down and worship action. A crowd always acts. It's only the individual who can find time to stop and think—and it is not often this individual is young". Individuality and tolerance, hatred of the herd, the substitution of the wish to find out for the will to believe in thought, and a determination to look before you leap in conduct—these are the goods which are praised in this wholly admirable book.

I have only one bone to pick. Mr. Beevers's dislike of creeds and causes, his belief in the importance of the individual and of the individual's personal happiness are all to the good. But suppose that the individual's happiness is to be found in a cause. Taken in and by ourselves, we are, after all, for the most part only nervous little clods of wants and ailments perpetually asking how we can become happy. Now the correct answer to this question may be: "Only by forgetting yourself through losing yourself in something greater than yourself". The best way, in fact, to save your soul may be not to concentrate upon your salvation, but to treat it as of no account in your preoccupation with the salvaging of something else—of civilization, for instance. "The world," says Mr. Beevers, "will be compelled to alter its political structure before long, but is it really necessary that its alteration should come at the hands of fanatics, should be accomplished by men eaten up by a faith?" Yes it is, if Mr. Beevers and his like insist on standing aside. After all, even Plato's philosophers were required to govern the State.

R. H. WILENSKI
will write on
FINELY PRINTED AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKS
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JANUARY ISSUE

LORD CHESTERFIELD. By Samuel Shellabarger. *Macmillans.* 15*s.*

If the subject of this volume could have forgotten for a few moments the supreme importance of Philip Dormer, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, he might have become a great figure in history. For, beyond all doubt, he had a fine brain, capable of great intellectual triumphs. So superbly did Chesterfield design his egotism that he was very careful to respect the rights and feelings of his neighbours—and particularly his servants and inferiors. However, one has the unpleasant feeling that this unexpected selflessness was not because of any love for these fellows, but merely lest any unkind act would take even a fragment away from the high reputation and dignity of the fourth Earl of Chesterfield.

This strange mixture of incredible ethical narrowness and most commendable intellectual breadth, together made this eighteenth-century nobleman a very interesting psychological problem; and Professor Shellabarger has set himself the task of finding a plausible explanation. The result is a success, even a great success; for he has, with very considerable art, covered his canvas as the early Flemish and the English pre-Raphaelite painters composed their pictures; that is, they put together a quantity of beautiful details which, somewhat surprisingly, also made a graceful picture when viewed as a whole.

Professor Shellabarger's volume is of this kind. He has drawn many sketches of the charming and corrupt, wise and foolish people who surrounded Chesterfield's career. He has produced a cabinet of many miniatures; and yet the total effect is an impressive picture of his main character, just as the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle make something quite unlike the fragments.

If the little coteries who have appointed themselves guides to correct literature were interested in great history and biography—instead of the smaller loves and tea-parties and trivial squabbles of Bloomsbury and Chelsea—they would recommend this life of Lord Chesterfield as a book more packed with human emotions than are most of the books of the circulating libraries.

It is startling to read of the governing classes of Chesterfield's day; and it is wonderful to think that the nation they governed survived their coarse corruption and childish incompetence. However, one can enjoy this book without any intention of drawing any ethical or historical lessons. It is a quite enthralling romance of a human being who planned his whole life with a persistent care that became the more tragic as it became the more childishly futile. There is an ironic significance that this magnificent nobleman should have received his final certificate of character from Voltaire, the grandson of a Paris tradesman. As a study in superb failure, this book has the qualities of the great romances. That it is also drawn from the life is the greater credit to its author.

One is not certain that his judgment on the whole period is as sound. There is, for example, an almost amazing suggestion that John Wesley was of profound ethical value in English history, and he is contrasted (almost as in a Hollywood film!) with the materialist Chesterfield. The more probable truth being that Wesley's preaching delayed culture in England for several generations, whereas Mr. Shellabarger appears to consider him a saviour of his race. One notes that in the bibliography the authority given for Wesley is a writer best known for his patriotic battle-stories. It is also strange that the somewhat sentimental volumes of the late Mr. Oliver are given as a source for Sir Robert Walpole; while the three classic volumes on the same man, by Coxe, are omitted.

G. R. Stirling Taylor.

FIRE OF LIFE, by Henry W. Nevinson. With a Preface by John Masefield, O.M. *Nisbet-Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

To a sensitive editor there can be few tasks less congenial than that of abridging a good book; every slice of the sickle must wound like a personal stroke. But Mr. Ellis Roberts, whatever he may have endured in the process of condensing Mr. H. W. Nevinson's closely-woven three volumes of *Changes and Chances* into this single volume *Fire of Life*, has every reason to feel rewarded by his completed work. Nothing essential seems to have escaped his vigilance; the glowing spirit of the record has not evaporated; his labour of love will give new life to a book, of which the Poet Laureate does not hesitate to declare that "no better autobiography has been written in English in the last hundred years". It is a high claim, before which Mr. Nevinson's native modesty will perhaps stand abashed. But no discriminating reader will gainsay the praise. *Fire of Life* is indeed "the moving record of a great life and time".

These are three essentials to a four-square autobiography: its incidents should be significant and dramatic; the men and women it introduces should live upon the printed page; and, most important of all, the story should reveal and express the writer's temperament and character. It should be a testament, even more than a narrative. All these demands are abundantly satisfied in *Fire of Life*. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, Mr. Nevinson has "seen and known much"; "cities of man and manners, climates, councils, governments", and drunk delight of battle with his peers, till finally he can claim the crowning tribute of experience. . . . "I am a part of all that I have met. . . ." Looking back upon a career of many disappointments and rebuffs, no less than of high achievement in the unwearying quest of honour, he can say with confidence, "I have been happy in the opportunity of life". His friends and colleagues know well enough that such happiness is the harvest of character, triumphing over circumstance, and taking with a frolic welcome the thunder and the sunshine.

Naturally shy and self-effacing, the inheritor of a grave and rigid code of behaviour, victim of a hideous and degraded preparatory school, never really at ease with his surroundings until the second half of his Oxford days enriched him with a friendship which transformed his life—with all these natural hindrances to "self-realisation", our autobiographer was perhaps inevitably driven to meditate upon the sufferings of the world, and to identify his sympathies with the unlucky and the wronged. He became instinctively what Matthew Arnold called Heine, a warrior in the Liberation War of Humanity. No more chivalrous spirit ever assumed the yoke of a Fleet Street bondage. Very soon he was not alone; his example inspired followers. Those were days of golden dreams. "We were simultaneously, and almost equally, attracted by the soldier, enthusiastic for the rebel, clamorous for the poor, and devoted to the beautiful." As war-correspondent, as champion of women's rights, as pleader for the slaves of the Far East, and the down-trodden serfs of Tsardom, and not least by his shining advocacy of literature and its claims in the fetid welter of journalism, Mr. Henry Nevinson has played the part of knight errant without fear or favour, in a life-long campaign, where his bugles have never sounded a retreat, nor his sword slept in his hand, so long as honour had need of it in her service. "If the old philosopher was right", he says, "in defining happiness as the active exercise of a man's vital powers along the lines of excellence, and in a life affording full scope for their development, I have no right to complain of scanty opportunities".

That may be true; but truer still is the fact that it is the man himself who makes his opportunities; what to one man would be a knock-down blow, is to another the chance to rise. *Fire of Life* is the story of a man who, by sheer courage, integrity of purpose, and conviction of right, has made his wilderness blossom like a rose.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

A LITTLE BOOK OF CHEESE, by Osbert Burdett. *Gerald Howe,* 3*s.* 6*d.*

IN this elegant little book Mr. Osbert Burdett has given us an admirable introduction to a subject upon which, in English at least, surprisingly little has been written. His words should stimulate readers to a deeper and more critical appreciation of cheese in its highest quality; if so, he will make us all his debtors, for unless enlightened public opinion maintains a demand for good cheese, we shall not get it. Those who are content with inferior articles are seldom given the best; in general we receive, not what we deserve, but what we demand. The point was well put by an intelligent *maitre d'hôtel* whom I heard observe to a *gourmet* who had pointed out something that was not well served: "Sir, if we had forty clients like you to lunch every day, this would be the best restaurant in Europe".

Demand creates supply; but alas, we are in the hands of the retailers, and they, by their careless indifference to all save turnover and profits, have lowered not merely their own standards, but those of the public also. There are honourable exceptions, however, and it is not too late to prevent the decline from going further. Good cheese can still be bought in most parts of England if it be sought for; I have myself found excellent Farmer's Derby in a most unpromising market town in Essex (a county which makes no cheese), and bought the best Wensleydale I ever tasted in a small shop in Brighton.

Mr. Burdett rightly begins his disquisition with English cheeses. We have a long tradition of cheese-making, and a great variety. Stilton, Cheshire, Wensleydale and Double Gloucester may still be met in perfection; and Mr. Burdett gives some useful hints for judging them. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that Wensleydale must be eaten fairly quickly once it has been begun; it loses far more by contact with air than Stilton does. I have not been fortunate in my experiences of English cream cheeses, but the "little book" inspires me to fresh hope.

In his fourth chapter Mr. Burdett gives us a choice of foreign cheeses; and here I think he might have gone farther afield. He does not mention the admirable cheese of Munster, sometimes available in London; nor the Queijo da Serra, that "country cheese" of Portugal, made from the milk of sheep fed entirely on Clover. And he places Gorgonzola higher than (in these days) I should do; there seems to have been a long, progressive degeneration in the manufacture of this cheese. On the other hand, Parmesan, when old, does, in my experience, stand the test of being eaten in wafer slices and does not need to be reduced to the "cheese-straw" to be acceptable. Incidentally, readers of Stevenson may remember that this view was shared by Ben Gunn, the marooned inhabitant of *Treasure Island*, whose first request, when he found himself once more in touch with civilized men, was for Parmesan.

Mr. Burdett also gives us a chapter on the literature of cheese, another on such curiosities as "groaning cheese", and a "Letter from Italy", describing some of the rarer cheeses of that country. Altogether, an excellent little book, admirably written, printed and presented.

A. J. A. SYMONS.

PENNY FOOLISH, by Osbert Sitwell. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THERE are many papers in this collection of ephemeral writings on the decline of one thing or another: the decline of taste, intelligence, the public schools, literary morals, eccentricity, the middle classes, privacy, dress, manners and the English face. There is nothing on the decline of opinion. Journalism, which once existed for the expression of opinion, is abandoning this to the care of a few serious weeklies and monthlies of small circulation, and is frankly substituting prejudice. The earlier periodical essayists argued their opinions and insinuated their personal likes and dislikes as a general relief; but how far we have gone since that day may be seen in Mr. Sitwell's republished articles. One is comparing, of course, journalistic manners. His book is a slick series of unargued prejudices—not indeed banged down on the table with the beery and pontifical emphasis which characterises most "feature" journalism, but prejudices introduced wittily, impertinently and with a certain drawl of polite and polished boredom to the reader. Mr. Sitwell has raised the level of gossip and talk from the servants' hall and public bar standard of the leading gossip writers to the suaver and deadlier manners of the highbrow party. He is always intelligent and amusing and I do not think any other novelist of distinction or news value, when offered the large sums modern newspapers will pay for bright tripe, has done the job with more discriminating nonchalance.

The curse of it is that a writer like Mr. Sitwell—and he is not alone—should find it necessary to enter the bright journalism racket at all. Many popular dailies, knowing that the old kind of tripe is losing its appeal, have decided to raise their standards—that at least is what they tell writers like Mr. Sitwell. What they mean is that they are asking Mr. Sitwell to lower his standards. "I'll meet you half way, ol' man. Tell us what you hate. Be provocative, but for heaven's sake don't think." So the satirist is double-crossed by the world he despises. The trouble is that a writer's hatreds are his limits and it is bad for him and monotonous for the reader when he writes nothing but an outline of himself. It creates "the superior person"—the journalistic antidote to the "plain man," and I don't know which is more tedious.

Mr. Sitwell's dislike of Eton, blood sports and politicians is well known. There is a great deal to be said for the suggestion that the working classes should be sent to the public schools and the wealthier classes to the board schools. There is a great deal to be said for many of Mr. Sitwell's paradoxes. He is better when he has something more serious to say or when he is being outrageously venomous about his literary enemies. A revival in libellousness would do no harm to the "Home Sweet Home" atmosphere of literary journalism. His essay on Thackeray is a good piece of denunciation which is worth arguing about, but Thackeray was surely superior to Dickens in sensibility and sense of period.

The paper on D. H. Lawrence is very pleasing and contains the theory that Lawrence's preoccupation with the dark self came from his early life among the miners. These two sketches are worth the rest of the volume.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

CHANTICLEER: A STUDY OF THE FRENCH MUSE, by J. C. Legge. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THE tone of this book is so unpretentious, and the author's purpose so amiable in his wish to communicate to less skilled readers of French the deep pleasure he has long drawn from French poetry, that one can only approach it in a sympathetic mood. For a great many years, according to his own account, Mr.

Legge has used some part of his leisure in making English verse translations of French lyric poetry; and these versions, or about a hundred and fifty of them, he has used as "illustrations in the text" of a general survey of French poetry from the earliest times up to the close of the nineteenth century. An appendix contains all the originals (that is always a gallant gesture in a translator!); the main part of the book includes, when necessary, other appropriate examples likewise in French; and there is a well-arranged store of biographical information about the chief poets of several centuries. Yes, the book seems complete enough to supply the English reader with "the necessary background", as the author hopes.

But in the foreground stand the translated poems; and fundamentally it is by these that Mr. Legge's work must stand or fall. Nearly always, I fear, it must fall. Indeed, it is curious to find someone who clearly apprehends and enjoys the poetry with which he is dealing, and yet is so awkward in handling the words and lines whereby he seeks to reproduce it. The prime difficulty which Mr. Legge has met, but apparently not really faced, is that a close, literal rendering gets one nowhere with poetry. The *values* of English words are different from the values of French words, even though the *equivalents in meaning* may be acceptable. Think for a moment of those misguided architectural feats which reproduce in one country the styles of another. In a North of England dale, or on Riverside Drive in New York, you may see the most accurate, scholarly, ingenious replicas of a Renaissance château on the Loire. But they are devoid of meaning, because they have not a true relationship to the scene in which they are set, or to the material of which, in this translated form, they are built: the turrets and gateways lose their grace in this new ambience; the stones may be hewn to the exact dimensions of their models, but they weather differently, join differently, tone differently. And so with poetry. Line for line, the verbal meaning may be conveyed fairly easily; but to re-create the original in a new medium so as to preserve and safely transfer the inner sense, the vibrations of feeling, the cadence and the musical tone, can be done only very, very rarely. If it can be done at all, it is not by what may be termed the photographic process, a literal rendering manipulated to fit a contrived form of metre and rhyme, but, possibly and by a rare affinity of feeling between creator and translator, through some more flexible and bolder process of almost indirect evocation.

It would be unfair to suggest that Mr. Legge has been blind to the incalculable complexity of his task as translator. In a few cases (notably the experiment with the medieval *Bele Doete*, which he renders into old Scots) he has acted on bolder lines, and acted well. But he has asked too much of his powers to seek to reproduce, by the same straightforward processes of versifying, the works of poets so far asunder in time and spirit as Corbière and Ronsard and Vigny, Laforgue and Hugo and Belleau.

HAMISH MILES.

GLUCK, by Martin Cooper. *Chatto & Windus*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

IN the preface to his opera "Alceste" (1767) Gluck wrote: ". . . I have thought that my greatest efforts should be directed to the search for beauty in simplicity. I have avoided a display of difficulty at the expense of clarity, and I have valued the discovery of any novelty only in so far as it was naturally suggested by the situation or necessary to the expression. There is no academic rule which I have not willingly sacrificed to dramatic effect". Now this is more than a manifesto flung out in the face of fashion: it is a calculated statement of the composer's methods and an ex-

pression of his conviction that they were justified. Gluck had in him all the impassioned dogmatism of a Moussorgsky or a Berlioz: he stood above academic traditions: he wrote (at least after "Don Juan", 1761) in an idiom dictated solely by his convictions as a creator; and it is useless (again there is the parallel with Moussorgsky) to call those idioms ungrammatical or founded on ignorance of fundamental principles. It is, therefore, disconcerting to find his latest biographer and critic claiming that Gluck's "inability and desire to justify himself on every occasion, his refusal ever to admit himself in the wrong, often led him to defend passages which a more self-confident, and so humbler, man would have been content to alter".

Mr. Cooper, in fact, seems rather to fall between two stools: he can neither wholly agree with Arend's contention that Gluck's music shows a gradual progression towards the final genius of "Orfeo" and "Alceste" nor wholly disagree with those earlier critics who asserted that with "Orfeo" Gluck "emerged with a masterpiece which had no ancestors in his compositions". He therefore falls back on the assumption that Gluck was too peasant-minded and unidealistic to admit himself mistaken and too untutored in his art to avoid the "clumsiness" which often marred his scores. Such an attitude comes the more disappointingly from one who otherwise was so well qualified to provide such a critical biography as is peculiarly needed just now. Mr. Cooper's book is well documented, it offers copious musical illustrations (both from Gluck and from his contemporaries), it gives extensive details of every composition, and it is prefaced with an excellent account of that early Italian Opera out of which Gluck's music so surprisingly sprang. And yet one cannot help wondering exactly for whom it is intended. The amateur will hardly need the lengthy *précis* which accompanies the account of each opera nor will he be impressed by the Greek quotations which on occasion refer him back to the original of Euripides: on the other hand, Mr. Cooper's book is not critical enough (his estimate of Gluck's position in the history of music occupies a mere ten pages) for the professional musician.

C. Henry Warren.

THE WESTERN CHAMBER. Translated by S. I. Hsiung. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

At a time when Chinese art and culture are attracting more attention than ever before, it is specially interesting to have Mr. Hsiung's beautiful translation of one of the most famous plays of China's great dramatic age, the Mongol dynasty. As in the well-known *Lady Precious Stream*, *The Western Chamber* tells of a high-born maiden who broke with convention to marry a humble suitor. But there the comparison ends. There is less rollicking humour in *The Western Chamber*, fewer characters—for practical purposes, only four—and the high note of intense emotion which is struck almost at the very beginning is maintained with extraordinary fervour right to the end. Ying-ying, the heroine, is less interesting than the adorable, many-sided Precious Stream, who is surely one of the great feminine characters of all literature. But the very conventionality of Ying-ying's upbringing and nature, between which and her love she is seen continually struggling, accentuates the inevitability of her surrender. "Although my young mistress is determined in her speech, her steps have already yielded", exclaims Hung Niang, the lady's maid. From the moment when Ying-ying and Chang catch sight of each other in the guest chambers of the monastery where they are staying, there is no longer anything in the world for either of them but the other, and all the desperate devices of

Ying-ying's mother to keep them apart are vain.

To Western readers the universality of the story is its most interesting feature. In the old-fashioned China (which is still nine-tenths of China) a bride never sees her husband till the wedding; a husband cannot so much as touch his wife's hand in public without impropriety. Yet the mystery and fascination of the instantaneous fusing of two destined natures are the same in East and West, and whether the lovers are called Romeo and Juliet or Chang and Ying-ying.

The Western Chamber introduces us to a convention of the Chinese stage not shown in *Lady Precious Stream*, namely, the continual breaking into song by the different characters, as if prose were too poor for their feelings. Good singing—though the style of it is hardly attractive to foreign ears, especially the falsetto of the men who play the women's parts—is highly prized by Chinese audiences, and many of these lyrics are of exquisite beauty and richness of imagery. But one wonders a little how they will be managed on the London stage, where *The Western Chamber* should be seen next spring.

But with or without the aid of the theatre, every scene and every character stand out before the reader in amazing vigour and clarity. As for the laughter-loving maidservant, Hung Niang, who does so much to bring the lovers together, though they are almost too much for her sense of humour, she must have been a great-aunt of Juliet's nurse. One can easily see that the author who drew such a delightful woman was bound to twist the eighth-century poem on which his play was founded, so as to make it end happily. Scholars have blamed him, but "the public like it best"; and who, reading this lovely play, will say that the public are wrong?

O. M. GREEN.

THE CRUSADES, by G. A. Campbell. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

IT would be interesting if Mr. Campbell's book should start a long overdue discussion on the real importance of the Crusades. He himself has no doubt of their importance: he would hardly have written a long and excellent book about them if he had. But there is another side to his evaluation of this glittering episode in European history, and there is a case to be made for regarding the Crusades as almost entirely irrelevant to all that was essential and creative in mediævalism. The real impetus which made them belonged to the twelfth, perhaps the most purely satisfactory of all the centuries of Christian history. But those who make such a claim for the century will hardly

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have the Crusades in their mind as they do so. The rise of the universities and of the best of the religious Orders, the heyday of Gothic architecture, the beginning of conscientious historical writing, the honour paid to learning, and the defeat of religious obscurantism —these are what made the century. No doubt the abundant vitality which lay behind these feats in the realm of the spirit was also the force underlying the Crusades, but whereas the universities and the other civilising instrument made permanent contributions to the forwarding of the spirit of civilisation, the vitality of the Crusades spilt itself in waste. It would be hard to name any permanent achievement for the blood and treasure that was wasted, and harder still to suggest any way in which the ideal to which they were dedicated was forwarded by them. It is little wonder that the religious exaltation in which each Crusade was begun turned quickly into its own perversion, and became the tale of force and fraud and cruelty which any historian, and Mr. Campbell among them, has to unfold.

Mr. Campbell's view is, of course, flatly opposed to all this. To him the Crusades are really important, and he has written an excellent and full account of them all, in which he yields himself to their glamour and so writes vividly, but yet retains the objective point of view of his facts which reveals the true scholar. A good deal of research in three or four different languages has gone to the making of this book, and, save in a few particulars, Mr. Campbell writes of the Crusades with accuracy and judgment. But anyone who undertakes to describe the history of the Crusades must devote some attention to the field of vitality out of which they sprang, and must have some chapters on the Western European background. It is this part of the book which is weak. Mr. Campbell, no doubt, laboured under the discipline of compression, but, to take a single instance, if he had really understood the depth and variety of twelfth century literature and history, he could never have allowed this misleading sentence to stand:

> Literature flourished during the first half of the twelfth century; the clerical participants in the Crusade had written of the marvels of that adventure, and their brethren, cooped up in monasteries, had given permanent form to the stories told by returned soldiers, and had gone on to write the chronicles of their own and other days.

That is to suggest that the Crusade was the inspiration which unloosed the flood of great literature in Europe. Yet such a suggestion would be quite grotesque. Few indeed of the great contemporary writers worried themselves overmuch about the crusades; and of all contemporary adventures the Crusade was probably the least frequently described. Adventure to be real to the twelfth century writer had primarily to be adventures in ideas and not in military campaigning.

Instances of this disproportion of view could be multiplied if space allowed; and they are important, because it is on this failure to hold the scales evenly between Western Europe and Asia Minor that the thesis that the Crusades were as important as their promoters thought them, can be built. The future was in Europe always, in Asia never. The tragedy of the Crusades was that some of the best, as well as most of the worst, elements of mediæval European society were removed to and wasted in that part of the world which had least to do with moulding and making the new world, which even then was struggling to be born.

ROGER B. LLOYD.

SELECTED FICTION

CUT AND COME AGAIN, by H. E. Bates. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

IN SIGHT OF THE PROMISED LAND, by Georges Duhamel. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

ONCE WE HAD A CHILD, by Hans Fallada. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

KING COFFIN, by Conrad Aiken. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE LAST PURITAN, by George Santayana. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

MR. H. E. BATES has a rare and refreshing talent. It would be untrue to say that his merits are not recognized, and yet I have often read reviews of his books in which a column or so of critical reservations has been followed by a quoted passage so exact and lovely in its description that it made the reviewer's caution look silly. Let me say at once, then, that his new book of stories *Cut and Come Again* should be bought and read by everyone who still believes that a work of fiction can be a work of art, for it possesses a quality which has rarely been seen in England since the death of D. H. Lawrence. One story—*The House of the Apricot*—is perfect of its kind: a kind, by the way, of which Mr. Bates is particularly fond, for it is half-echoed here in another story. The writer finds himself, after a day's walking, in a village where he looks for a night's lodging. All the beds at the inn have been taken; the public-house has no accommodation; and wandering disconsolately down the street he sees an old house, with an apricot trained round its windows, in one of which there is a small card, "Guests". When the door opens, he is plunged into one of those interiors, ruled by crazy old age, which so attracted Dickens: a gentle mad father, ruined by drink and debt, a daughter devoting her life to his miserable service. There is a smell of stale prosperity in the heavily furnished bedroom where he drops his rucksack; dinner (a light

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HUTCHINSON

supper) is accompanied by the pathetic movements and flashes of aristocratic pretension of the old mummy. Now Dickens would have shown us, with an astonishing mixture of realism and fantasy, the daft poetry and chilling sadness of such a spectacle; he would not have been interested in the daughter except to show her as a subdued figure of devotion. Mr. Bates fixes our attention on the *living* tragedy of the situation — which, of course, is the daughter's. Her vitality — though twisted—is not extinct, and she has a love affair with a neighbouring farmer, which in its turn is infected by craziness and drink. The story provides a two days' glimpse into the lives of these people, and it is as complete as some ghastly fairytale which a child reads in the pleasant surroundings of a garden. Flowers, sunshine, breakfast on the lawn —the walking tour is resumed, and the house left behind.

The other stories in the book make a slighter effect, but they are all good—exceptionally good. Mr. Bates is now complete master of his art.

To those who have enjoyed the two earlier volumes of the Pasquier Chronicles, *In Sight of the Promised Land* will need no recommendation. It is a novel full of quiet surprises, gentle caricature and dramatic scenes in which somehow the everyday tone predominates. It gives an excellent picture of a French family living in the suburbs of Paris on the hopes of an inheritance. When they come into the fortune, the children are already grown up, they have seen their dreams fade, and it does not surprise them now to see the money squandered by their incredible Micawber-like father. They have outgrown their family life, and when the book ends they are beginning to scatter into the world.

Once We Had a Child is a novel of life on the Baltic island of Rügen, vivid, overlong, with that touch of the saga which taints all such books. If you can get through the family history, the births and deaths of the first hundred pages, it opens out into a good story in which the characters are boisterously alive and the adventures really thrilling —the description of two children caught on the ice after it has broken is, for example, admirable. It is excellently written, and conveys the northern landscape as vividly as a film.

King Coffin is an intellectual thriller which has the merit of possessing a good idea. A man, who dabbles in art and anarchism, is obsessed by the desire to commit a "perfect murder". He picks out a name from the telephone book, investigates his man's situation and routine, enjoys for a few days the god-like superiority of holding a life in his hands—and then, owing to circumstances, fails to commit the murder. It is a novel written entirely in the terms of pathological experience, and has none of the attraction, I may say, of a high-brow detective story. As something out-of-the-way and half-poetical, half-clinical, it may perhaps be recommended to readers who are not afraid of a book they may dislike.

I have left Mr. Santayana's novel to the last. It is a serious study of the inhibited cultured American, for whom Europe offers a tempting solution of his difficulties. Like the characters in Henry James, he is wealthy and at liberty to explore the world and his own soul: which consists largely in coming to England and falling in love with the daughter of an Oxfordshire parson. There are admirable passages of soliloquy and disquisition, but, reading it, I had the feeling that Henry James had done the thing far better already, and the distinction of Mr. Santayana's style did not prevent it from being wooden and—after four or five hundred pages—interminably boring.

G. W. Stonier.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BILL OF THE BLACK HAND, by Wolf Durian. *Cape.* 5*s.*

THE UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE, by T. F. Hickey. *Heinemann.* 6*s.*

WELL ON THE ROAD, by Christopher Bradby and Illustrated by Edward Bawden. *Bell.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

NATURE IN THE WILD. Country Life. 5*s.*

PILGRIMS OF THE WILD, by Grey Owl. *Lovat Dickson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THE ADVENTURES OF SAJO AND HER BEAVER PEOPLE, by Grey Owl. *Lovat Dickson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

On walking round the floors of Dorland House during the recent exhibition of books, I stopped at a stall devoted to children's books, momentarily dazed by the display of gaudy wrappers, disposed presumably to catch the juvenile eye. "You are interested in children's books," someone asked me, his voice pitched to that note of interrogation that implies an affirmative. "Now here is one that will *undoubtedly* be this season's Best Seller."

Is the philistine theory that the selling power of a book spells the sum of its merit now to be applied to nursery bookshelves? Will our twelve-year-olds emulate their elders in a demand for the latest "Recommended" or "Selected"? Happily there is little fear of it. Children, like savages (as indeed they are), prefer the oft-repeated tale, and each new story is accepted with reservations until constant repetition has drawn it into the circle of tradition. Only then does it become for them a "Recommended."

If this test is to be applied to each year's crop of books it is easier to prophesy over the recent past than the immediate present. Herr Kastner's *Emil and the Detectives* will, I am sure, stand the test of time, as will also Mr. Ransome's gallant crew. This year, unfortunately, neither author is represented. True we have *Bill of the Black Hand*, another translation from the German. Again we have an enterprising gang of small boys miraculously springing from nowhere, under the leadership of one intrepid youngster. The author, however, anxious to bring his story up to date, has chosen the subject of advertising for his theme, though I find it hard to believe that it is one likely to appeal to youthful tastes.

Nevertheless, I have no quarrel with Herr Durian in his choice of setting. Once beyond the nursery stage, stories should have an authentic ring and adventures arise easily out of the exigencies of the plot. That is why one likes *The Unexpected Adventure*, by T. F. Hickey. Two children dumped on relations in Ireland, while their parents steal a well-earned holiday, can be expected to put in as much exploration as possible—there being no unnecessary fuss about punctuality for meals. If they get lost and have some surprising adventures before their return, it is no more than to be expected.

Another series of adventures, and very light-hearted ones at that, are to be found in *Well on the Road*, written round that original series of advertisements depicting "Moreton-on-the-Marsh, but Shell on the Road". This book is worth buying for the illustrations alone and if the letterpress is not quite up to the level of Mr. Bawden's lively drawings, it is not, for that matter, likely to disappoint its readers.

This question of illustration rightly

takes an important part in the conclaves of publishers and there is a pleasing tendency, I am glad to note to a proper insistence upon quality in drawing and discretion in colour. Good photography is also taking its place in the realms of illustration, particularly in the case of books on natural history. In this genre I cannot praise too highly *Nature in the Wild*, a book producing in convenient size the series of brilliant photographs recently shown at the Natural History Museum under the auspices of *Country Life*. Children will also delight in the books written about his beaver friends by Grey Owl, the Canadian Indian and illustrated by photographs taken on the Indian Reservation.

Though it is not possible here to do justice to them all I have appended a list of recommended books, beginning with the nursery stage, that the questing purchaser may acquire without misgivings. M. MACKEAN.

MR. TOOTLEOO AND CO., by Bernard and Elinor Darwin. *Faber.* 5*s.*

MY LITTLE FARM FRIENDS, by Gilbert Cousland. *Collins.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

FORTUNE'S CARAVAN, by Lily Jean-Javal. *Oxford.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE UNTIDY GNOME, by Stella Gibbons. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

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